June 2, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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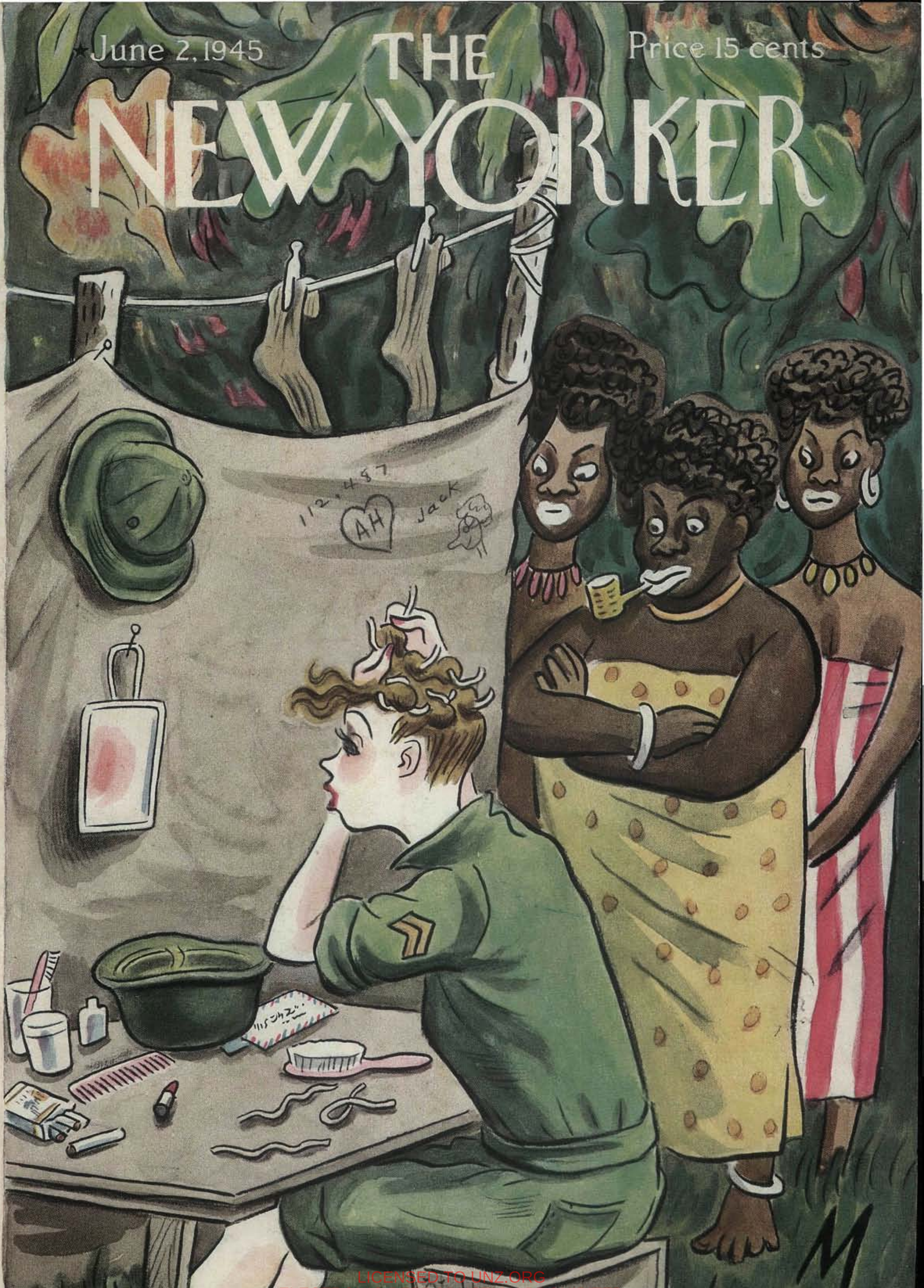
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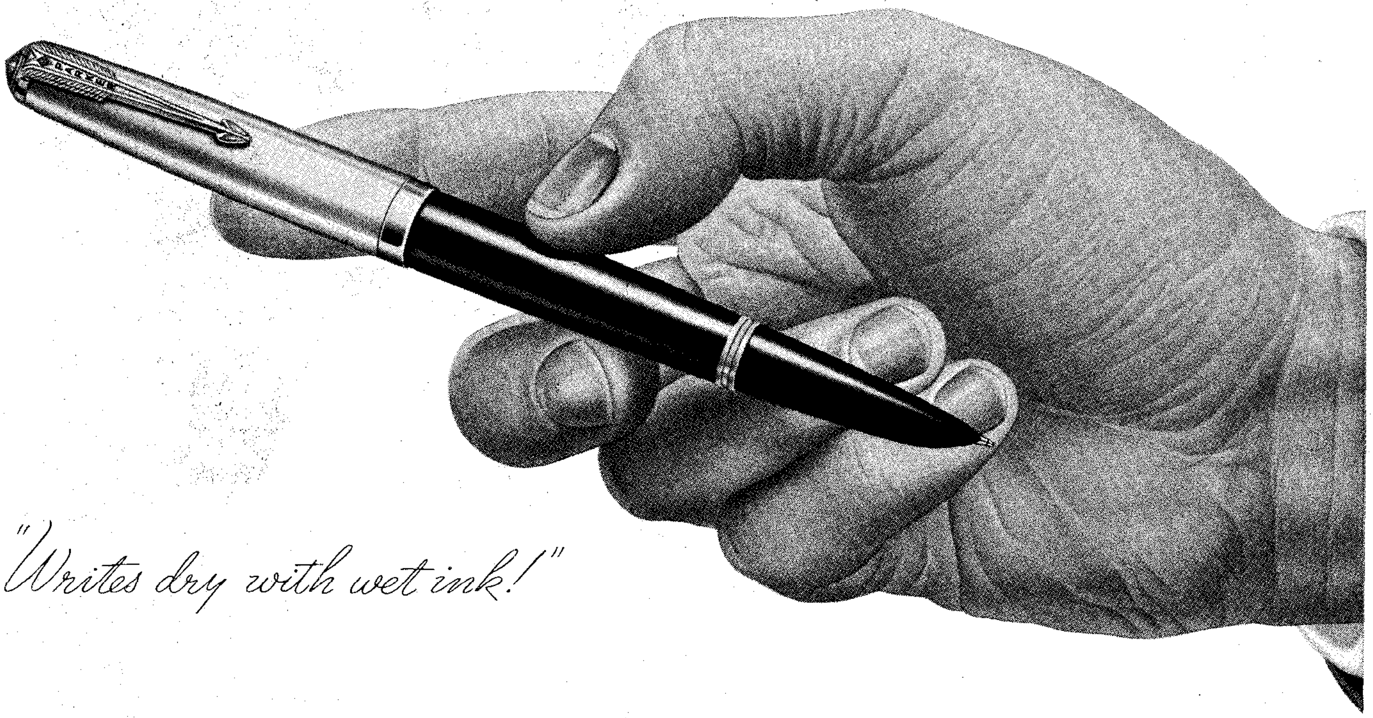

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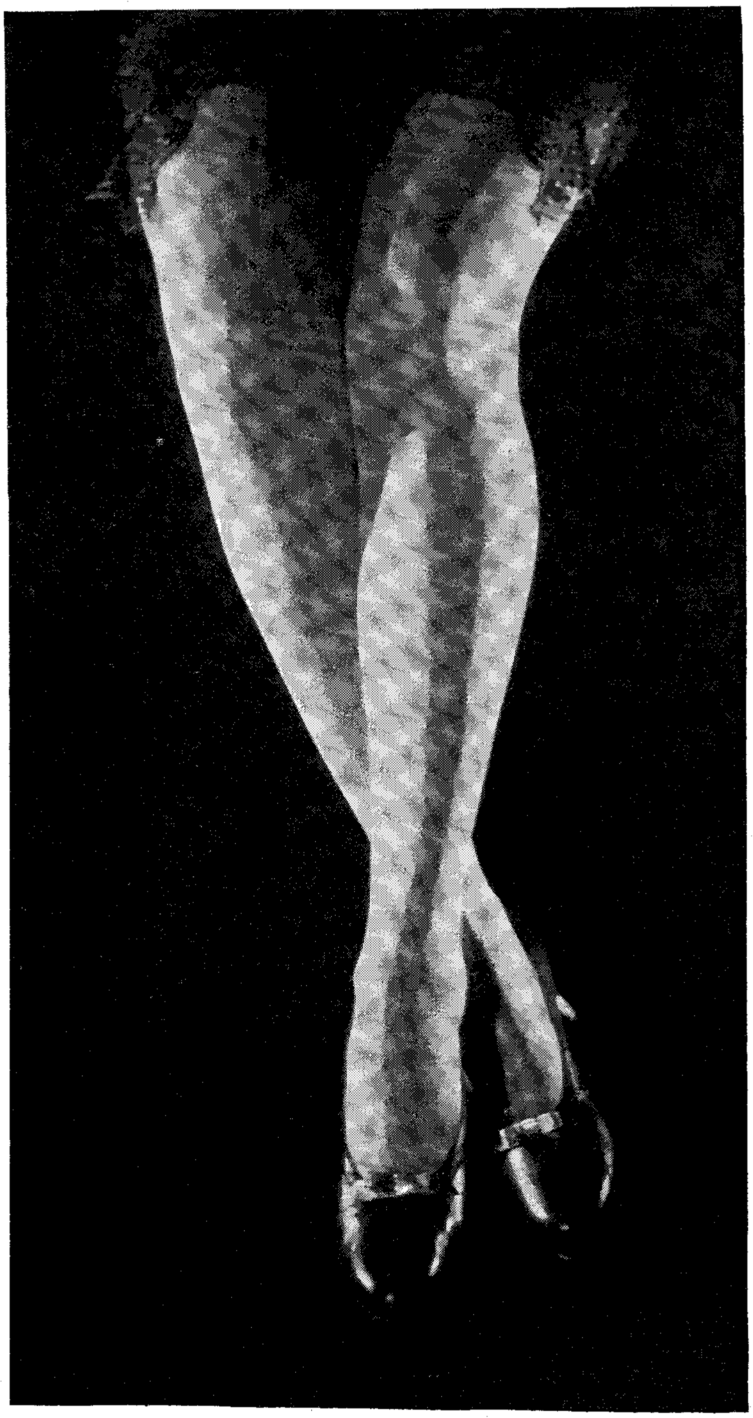

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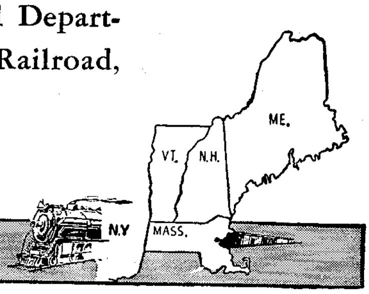

BOSTON *and* MAINE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 3, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 9.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 3, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—Montgomery Clift as a soldier whose horror of war has temporarily unbalanced his mind. Unfortunately, Elsa Shelley's treatment isn't quite up to her theme. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman, who play Father and Mother, will be replaced by Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill on Mon., June 4. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and José Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Fri., June 8, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; extra Mat. Thurs., May 31, at 2:30.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Round Trip—June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, and Phyllis Brooks, in a comedy by Mary Orr and Reginald Denham. Mr. Denham directed and Clifford Hayman is the producer. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm (to be replaced by Nanette Fabray on Mon., June 4), and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Moves on Mon., June 4, to the Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Memphis Bound—A fine burlesque of "Pinafore" is the high point of this Negro musical, but it is all very fast and cheerful. Bill Robinson, miraculously agile at sixty-seven, heads a cast that includes Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Moves on Tues., June 5, to the 44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., June 3-4, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; extra Mat. Thurs., June 7, at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hollywood Pinafore—The original score of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with a new book by George S. Kaufman and a cast headed by Victor Moore and William Gaxton. Directed by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., May 31. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Concert-Varieties—A variety show featuring Katherine Dunham, Rosario and Antonio, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, Deems Taylor, and many others. Produced by Billy Rose. Opens Fri., June 1. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo being practically a whole show in himself, plus Josh White, being practically ditto. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer, and Phil Moore's rather too stylized band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Edmond Hall's orchestra for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Wally Boag, the old balloon man, is in the Cotillion Room, aided by a motley rout of dancers, magicians, and whatnot. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is once more flouncing about the Persian Room, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternating on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand at night; Roy George's band plays for tea dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a magician, some acrobats, and Nat Brandwynne's pleasant orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic; Mildred Bailey, singing moodily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly; and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): songs by Monica Boyar, who is Latin American without being overpowering, and a quartet; expert music by Garland Wilson, José Melis, Julius Monk, and the Cedric Wallace trio. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's newly assembled orchestra, in which you will hear Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart, and Red Norvo, slumming on Fifth Avenue (through Sun., June 3). . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a medium-dismal show, headed by Georgie Price. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **MADISON,** 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Bob Knight's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra through Sat., June 2; on Mon., June 4, George Paxton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): specialités de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins breaking out his classic old saxophone, Al Casey, breaking in a new trio, and occasionally Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page with a new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8. . . . **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9. . . . **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues. through Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 29.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 22.

Engravings—Prints from Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, among whose participants are Marc Chagall and Ian Hugo: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safekeeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 23. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: a large show, French and German for the most part, of modern water colors, drawings, and sculpture. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . **67 GALLERY,** 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings which have been shown here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: work by artists who have had one-man shows at this gallery. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 16. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: abstract, and a few non-abstract, paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, and twenty-three others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 16.

Hantman—Boldly massed farm and fishing scenes: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Edward Laning—Drawings of wartime Italy with a less journalistic approach than is usual: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture of heads, figures, and whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 16.

Guy Maccoy and Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and serigraphs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

De Hirsh Margules—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 16.

Merchant Seamen—Water colors and sketches with a non-amateurish sharpness, mostly by a half-dozen men: National Maritime Union, 354 W. 17. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., June 3.

Alice Rahon Paalen—Oils, gouaches, drawings, etchings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

Photography—Prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

Wilma Prezzi—Paintings of Chinese objects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 8.

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Thurs., May 31, from 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Yves Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square is now open, and will continue daily through June 10, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Aïda," Sat., June 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Ebbets Field. MA 4-7030.)

Operatic Concert—Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano; Salvatore Baccaloni, basso; and others. Sun., June 3, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs., May 31, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., June 1-2, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 3 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Brooklyn, Tues., June 5, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs., June 7, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 8:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 1; Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 8. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Crew—Columbia vs. M.I.T., Sat., June 2; Columbia vs. Cornell, Sat., June 9; at 6 P.M. (Harlem River.)

Racing—At **JAMAICA:** daily at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., June 2. (Grey Lag Handicap, June 2.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:25 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . **BELMONT PARK:** weekdays, starting Mon., June 4, at 1:30 P.M.; through June 23. (Toboggan Handicap, June 4; the Withers, June 6; the Juvenile, and Metropolitan Handicap, June 9.)

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Knickerbocker Y.C., Port Washington, Sun., June 3, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from

Official Photo—U. S. A. A. F.

Finish the Fight—with War Bonds

. . . and more to come

With engines warmed up for the take-off, Boeing B-29 Superfortresses fill the long runway on Saipan . . . one behind another, as far as the eye can see. Across the field, as on other fields in the Marianas, still more wait to wheel into line. Tomorrow you will read in your paper: "Industrial targets in Tokyo have been hit again by a force of over 300 B-29 bombers."

It was less than a year ago that the first attack on Japan by the giant Superforts thrilled the nation. Today their valiant crews are regular commuters on the more than 3000-mile round trip. In waves of sky-filling formations, they carry destruction to the enemy's workshops on a relentless schedule.

Back of this achievement is another story—an epic of production. To design, build, test and manufacture in quantity an airplane that so far exceeded all previous bombers in bomb-load, speed and range — and do it *in time* — was an unprecedented task. It called for pioneer work in engineering, tooling and planning. New facilities and processes had to be started from scratch. Methods had to be devised for putting the vast manufacturing program into effect, not only in Boeing's own plants but in those of other aircraft companies, chosen by the Air Technical Service Command of the Army Air Forces to help increase quantity production of the big planes.

Impossible as the job looked, Boeing men were equal to it. Superfortresses are rolling off the production lines in steadily mounting numbers. In the hands of hard-hitting American airmen, they are vital weapons in the war against Japan, and there are more . . . many more to come.

Tomorrow Boeing research, design, engineering and manufacture will be applied to peacetime aircraft for your use . . . your assurance that any such product "Built by Boeing" will be built to lead.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Planetarium—"The Sun and Eclipses" is the title of the June lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Costumes—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 10. . . . COSTUME INSTITUTE, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French and American nineteenth-century paintings, and art of the Renaissance, from various collections: Thurs., May 31, at 8 P.M. . . . English and French furniture and decorations owned by Mrs. Arthur Garrels and others: Thurs. and Fri., May 31-June 1, at 2 P.M. . . . Furniture and objects of art owned by Mr. Charles Page Perin and others: Wed. and Thurs., June 6-7, at 2 P.M.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Harold E. Stassen, and Charles A. Eaton, in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., June 2, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Mayor La Guardia—In the first of a series of talks on New York City, Thurs., May 31, at 7:30 P.M.; WJZ.

Music—*Philharmonic-Symphony*, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., June 3, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 2 and 9, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Gordon String Quartet, Sun., June 3, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Busch Chamber Music Players, Mon., June 4, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Racing: the Kentucky Derby, Sat., June 9, at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, Fri., June 1; Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., June 8; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs. through Sat., May 31-June 2. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 4.)

A Medal for Benny—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect in his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and Carrol Naish. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

National Velvet—Elizabeth Taylor, assisted by Mickey Rooney, wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. Foolish and wonderful. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Sat., June 4-9.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

None but the Lonely Heart—Not always sure of what it wants to say, but greatly helped by the performances of Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. From the novel about London's lower depths. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 31.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 31.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., June 6.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 1-4.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., May 31.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., June 2. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., June 4-5.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 1-4.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prize fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 1.)

In Our Time (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., June 6-7.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50. Tues. and Wed., June 5-6.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., June 1-4. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 5-7. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., June 6-7.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 5.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., June 6.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., June 3-4.)

The Thirty-Nine Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., May 31.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., June 1-3. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 5-7.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., June 5-6.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 1.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., MAY 31: "Professional Patient" (1917), with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew; and "The Strong Man" (1926), with Harry Langdon. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., JUNE 1-3: "Hands Up" (1926), with Raymond Griffith; and "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JUNE 4-7: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman and William Powell. . . . FROM FRI., JUNE 8: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as orderlies in hospitals; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

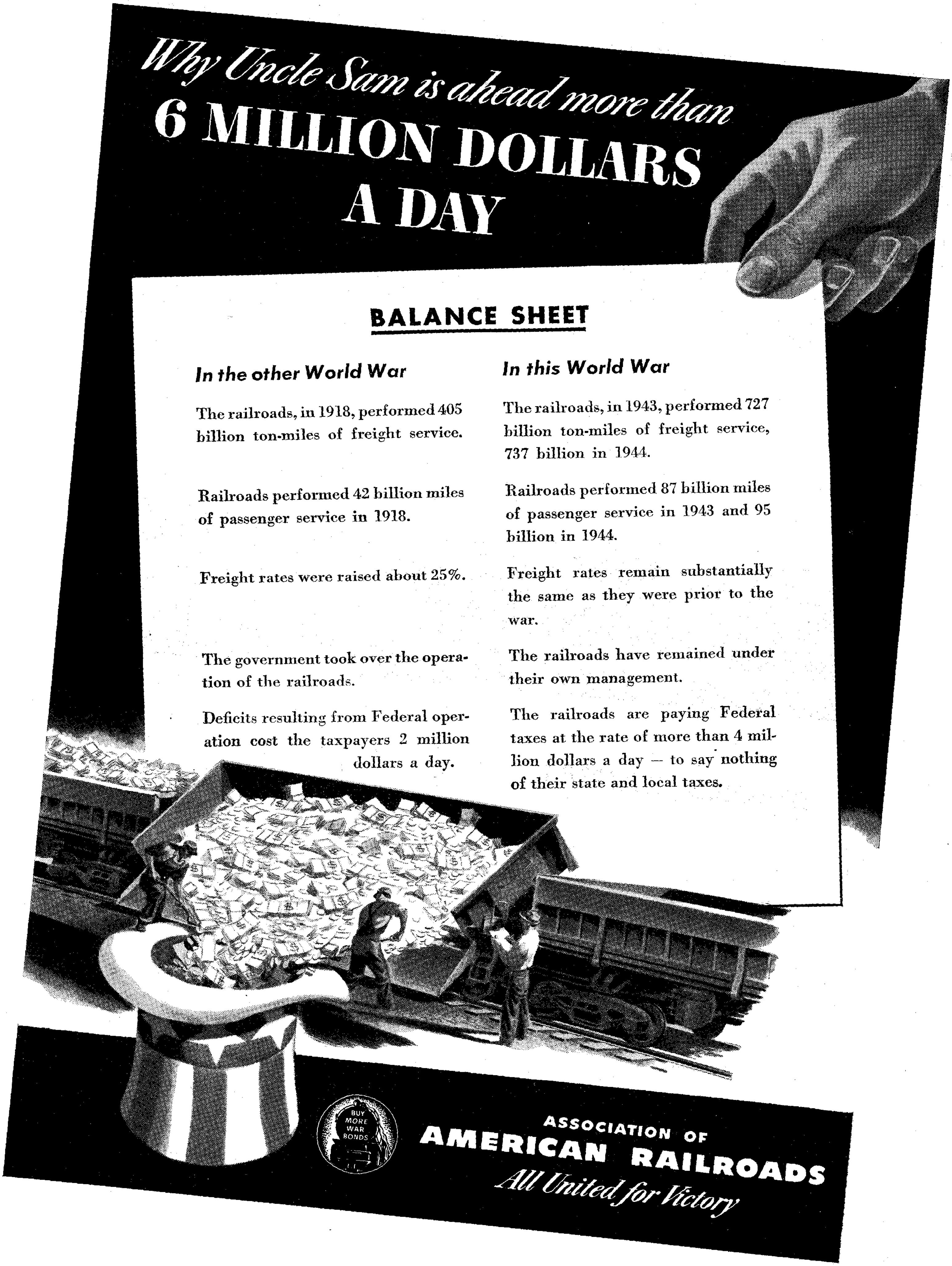
Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond Campaign is on and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, floor lamps, radios, phonographs, records, playing cards, magazines, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881).

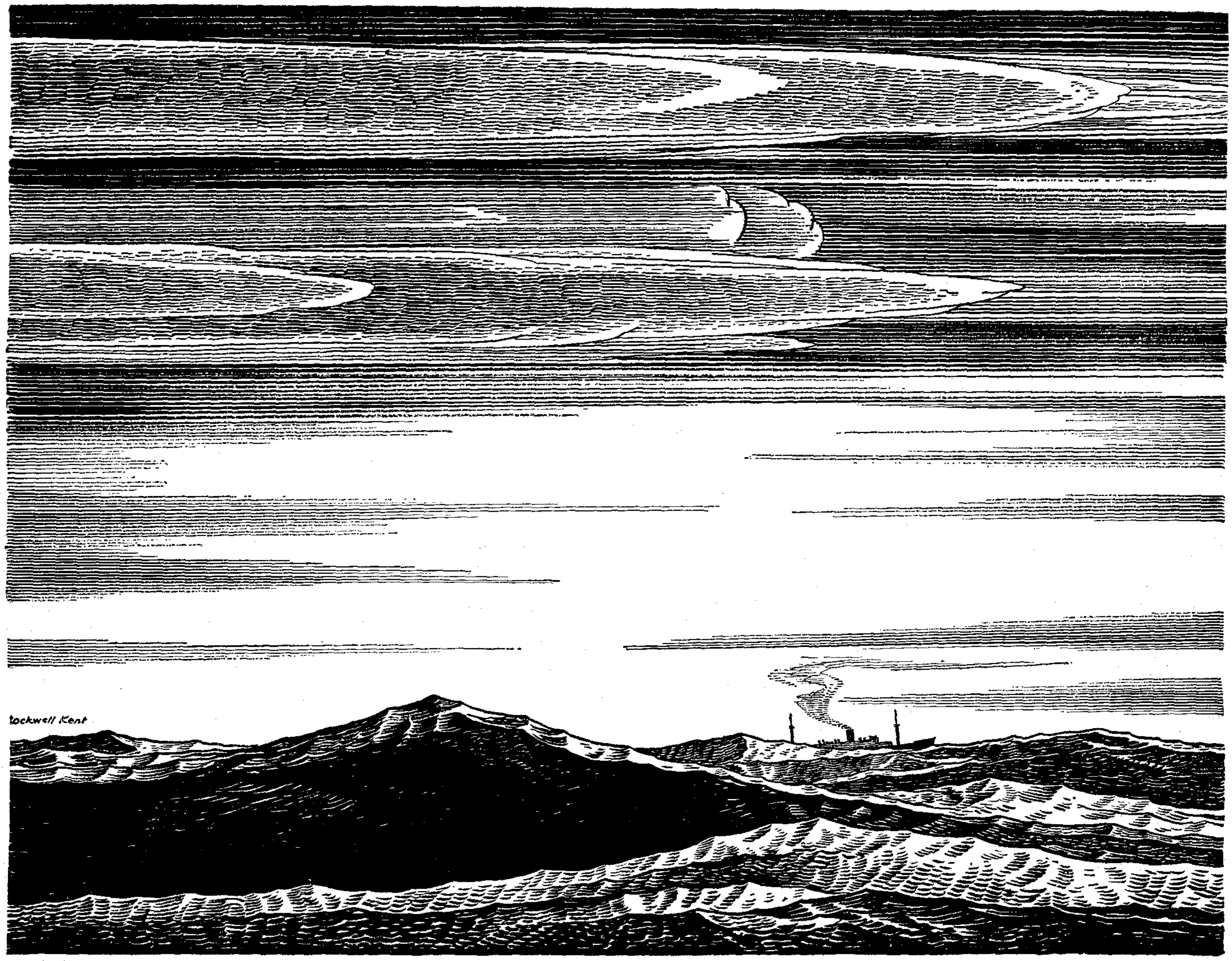


Why Uncle Sam is ahead more than 6 MILLION DOLLARS A DAY

BALANCE SHEET

In the other World War	*In this World War*
The railroads, in 1918, performed 405 billion ton-miles of freight service.	The railroads, in 1943, performed 727 billion ton-miles of freight service, 737 billion in 1944.
Railroads performed 42 billion miles of passenger service in 1918.	Railroads performed 87 billion miles of passenger service in 1943 and 95 billion in 1944.
Freight rates were raised about 25%.	Freight rates remain substantially the same as they were prior to the war.
The government took over the operation of the railroads.	The railroads have remained under their own management.
Deficits resulting from Federal operation cost the taxpayers 2 million dollars a day.	The railroads are paying Federal taxes at the rate of more than 4 million dollars a day — to say nothing of their state and local taxes.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
All United for Victory



"HULL DOWN," BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

SMOKE SIGNAL

Hoisted against the restless sea's horizons are the signals of a new American declaration of independence. They are the gray smoke trails of 4500 U. S. merchant ships. Their message is clear—the Stars and Stripes once again has earned its rightful place on ocean highways.

Two compelling reasons why our country must maintain this place have been proved by the bitter realities of war . . . reasons that a wise Congress foresaw when it wrote the historic *Merchant Marine Act of 1936.**

First—a large merchant fleet is a necessity in time of war. Without freighters, tankers and transports, our Navy would be tied to U. S. bases, our Army could not carry the battle to enemy shores.

And *second*—only American-flag vessels can assure the efficient, economical flow of our vital foreign trade. For we must import many necessities, and carry products of our farms and mines and factories to sell abroad.

Before the war, American Export Lines, with modern ships and fast, time-table schedules, helped secure this country's share of our trade with Mediterranean and Indian Ocean countries. This experience, and all our people and vessels have been devoted to the Government's wartime needs.

War has taken its toll—but newly trained crews and fine, new American Export ships are filling the ranks to finish the job. And one day, what *you* want to buy or sell abroad will determine their cargoes and ports of call.

---

*FROM THE MERCHANT MARINE ACT OF 1936: "*Necessary for the national defense and (our) foreign and domestic commerce,*" is a merchant fleet "*constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens.*"

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS!

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

N. W. AYER & SON

YOU'LL GO HIGH, WIDE
AND HANDSOME...

There's a Ford in your future!

It will happen in peacetime—when the tasks that now face America have been accomplished. Then a smart, new Ford will be waiting for you to drive it.

. . . Trip after trip you'll go in ease and style. It will be so smooth and gentle riding—such a joy to handle.

. . . Here will be a car that's big and sturdy—plenty of room in front and back. It will be smartly styled. And for all its fleet and eager power, you will find this new car thrifty in the time-honored Ford tradition.

. . . That's how it will be. And when the "go ahead" is flashed, we'll be ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be engaged in helping speed the final Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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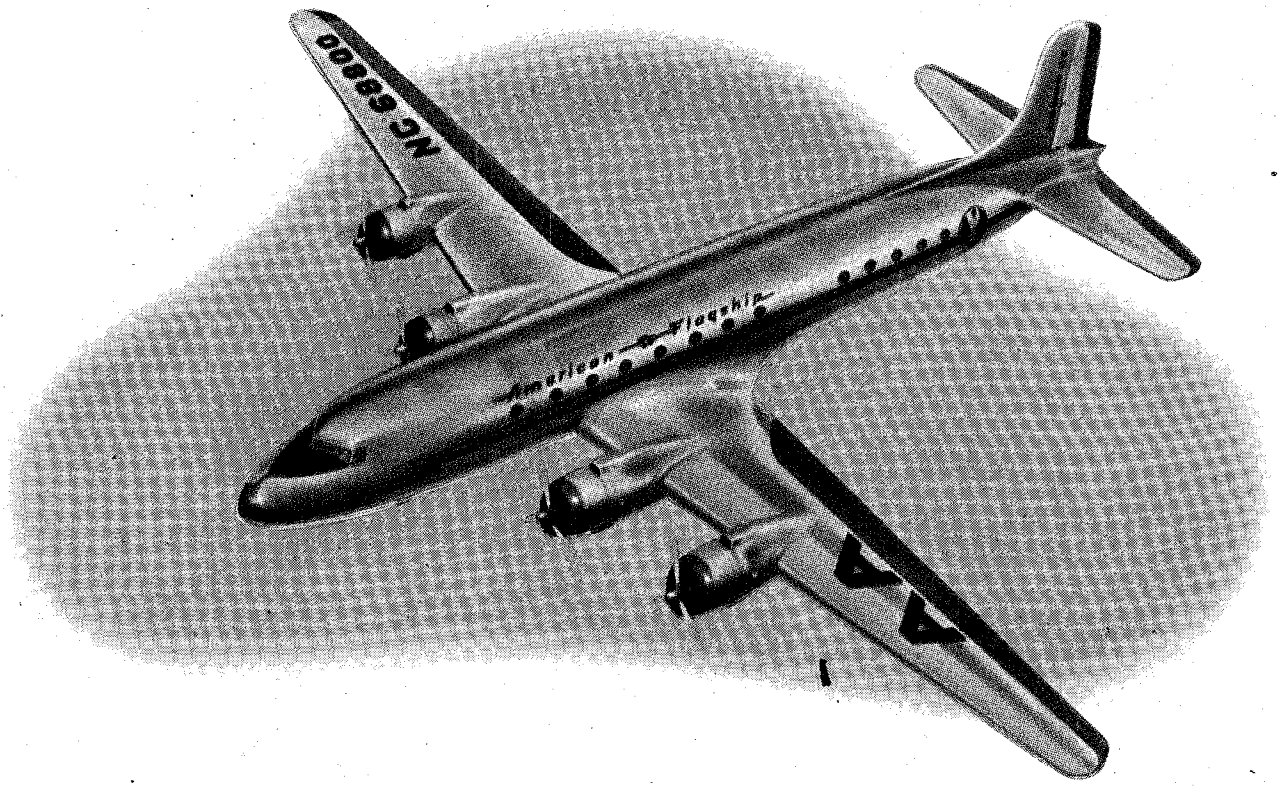
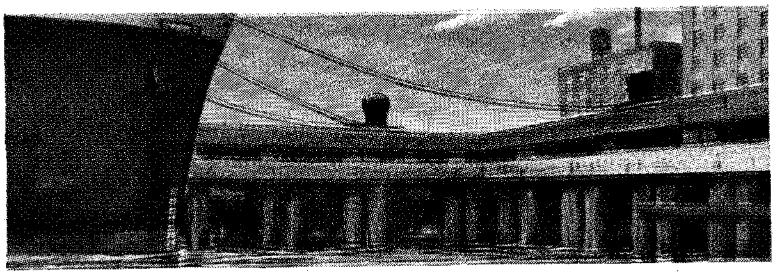
"THE FORD SHOW". *Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus.* Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P.M., E.W.T., 1:00 P.M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A.M., P.W.T.


NC 69800
American Flagship
AA

UNIVERSAL AIR IS ENDLESS

ALL MOTOR HIGHWAYS END.

ALL RAILROAD TRACKS END.



ALL WATER ROUTES END.

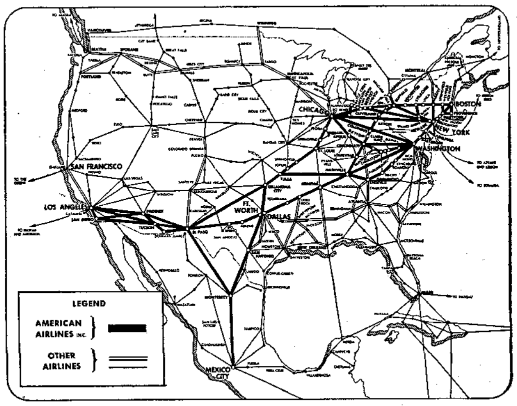
Air surrounds our earth constantly, an inseparable part of our planet. "So What?"

This fundamental concept, deceptive in its very simplicity, is indispensable as a basis for an understanding of the air age.

We can no more escape the rapid changes inevitable in today's air age than we can escape air itself.

We shall continue to need motor vehicles, trains and ships. But these have geographic limits. Air, itself illimitable, offers illimitable opportunities in every phase of human life.

The adequacy of our civil air power will, in the last analysis, determine the success of every U. S. postwar plan. With this thought uppermost, American Airlines is preparing to offer more services, faster services and even better services—national and international.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THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

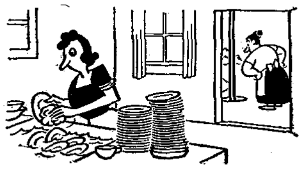
ONE thing the war has accomplished: it has brought a new frankness into all our lives. Yesterday the office manager in the office where a friend of ours works phoned an employment bureau, hoping to find a stenographer to fill a vacancy. She stated the requirements and then waited while the employment agent put her on the pan. "What sex person," asked the agent, "would this applicant be working for?" The manager replied that she would be working for a male. "Can you tell me about him—I mean, is he tall and is he unmarried?"

"Are you kidding, by any chance?" asked the manager.

"Not at all," said the agent. "Girls nowadays are not applying for positions which do not offer unusual opportunities."

"Well," said the manager, "this man is indescribable." She hung up and sat around awhile wondering whether to call a matrimonial bureau and see whether *they* had anybody who might want to take a few letters, sight unseen.

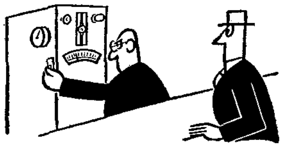
HOUSEHOLD help are just as frank and just as choosy as office help. Furthermore, their wages now seem to be equal to the pay of workers in war plants. We know a married couple who employ a cook and a housemaid to run their home while they are away all day working for their country. The couple make pretty good money and they felt they could afford to do this and that it was the right thing. But what happened was that the cook and the housemaid soon realized that they were making pretty good money, too, and they each bought a summer place, for weekends. These weekends got longer and longer, and the domestics got so involved in running their own domestic establishments that they had to deputize other people to do the work for which they originally were employed. The situation is in rather a snarl. The cook is drilling a well on her place, and they've gone down two hundred and sixty feet without striking water. This takes almost all of her time and attention, and her deputy doesn't know much about cooking, and the employers are unable to eat the deputy's food, but naturally they don't dare kick about it, so they eat out a good deal—but that is bad, too, because the restaurants are jammed and usually there is a long wait for a table, and this has affected the people's health to some extent and they are now worried about their own ability to carry on. Perhaps if the cook strikes water, things may look up, but at this writing she is still drilling and she has employed a part-time girl to wash dishes for her at her cottage, so she presumably has domestic problems of her own. All in all, it's not a healthy outlook.



"Never," wrote these people in a letter to us, "have we paid so much to so many for so little."

ONE of the fashionable postwar substances, we learn, will be aluminum yarn, made into "sweaters, evening dresses, bathing suits, tablecloths, napkins, shoes, and purses." The stuff is washable, is non-tarnishing, and can be coated any color, and one pound of aluminum will make six miles of yarn. For all we know, it is also waterproof, mothproof, fireproof, burglarproof, runproof—the Fabric of the Future. What it isn't, we are certain, is absorbent, and the postwar tablecloth and napkin made from it will be about as useful as the equivalent amount of waxed paper. Spilled liquids will slide around the tablecloth like mercury until they land in someone's lap, and anything wiped off the lips with the napkin will later have to be taken off the shirt by the cleaner. That's the trouble with infant industries, we suspect; they keep getting too biggity for their britches.

OUR wrist watch has been in poor health for several months now. Stairs seem to bother it, and some days it gains as much as two hours and a quarter. We took it to a watch shop on Madison Avenue the other day to have it looked over. The shop itself seemed none too well: it was feverish in there, with a great deal of double talk among clerks and customers, and there was a feeling that the whole place was gaining. We stepped forward with our sick watch and handed it to the catcher. He threw down to second. We waited. We assumed that the watch would eventually get into the hands of a small man wearing a thing in his eye, who would open the case and bend over and examine the works. Nothing like that happened. Instead, the watch was rushed to a steel cabinet and placed in a socket, a switch was thrown, a light went on, a disc began to revolve, a stylus dropped into position, and in a minute a man returned the watch to us, together with a cardiogram. "This is a very good record," he said severely. "Don't disturb it." We nodded and left immediately, strapping our watch back on our wrist as we passed twice through a revolving door. The experience had been stimulating but unsatisfying. We still think that the erratic action of our watch may well indicate some deep functional disturbance. Next week,



when we get a moment, we intend to take it somewhere for a urinalysis.

Our Own Baedeker

THE location of the island of Formosa—in the western Pacific, to the north of the Philippines and to the southwest of Okinawa—makes it something to think twice about. Formosa is a showy place but not terribly restful. The climate is hot and malarial, with temperatures running well over ninety-five the year around. Earthquakes are so common that the natives, when making a date, will say, "I'll see you right after the forenoon shake." Nine hundred were once recorded in a single year. Of Formosa's fauna, the most alarming is the hundred-pace snake, so called because the victim of its bite supposedly drops dead before walking a hundred paces. There are also spotted deer and water buffalo. Three-quarters of the island is mountainous. On the slopes are heavy evergreen forests. The west-coast plain is good farmland, and the natives grow rice there.

Nobody on Formosa calls it Formosa; that name was given to the island by some Portuguese who stopped off there in the sixteenth century. The local name is Taiwan, which is the Chinese word for "terraced bay." Formosa has had a bad reputation since the seventh century, when a bloodthirsty band of Malay headhunters moved there. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Chinese immigrated in large numbers, and they didn't help things much, because many of them belonged to a nomad tribe called the Hakkas, who considered human flesh a great delicacy. They drove the headhunting Malays back into the hills, where they remain to this day. Meanwhile, and thereafter, Jap and Chinese criminals on the lam found Formosa a good hideout, and various Oriental pirates made the island their headquarters. All in all, it was a bad place for a shipwrecked sailor. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Manchu government of China ruled Formosa, but the inhabitants remained rugged and individualistic. Once, for instance, they chased out a detachment of American Marines who had been sent in to punish a tribe that had murdered a sea captain and his wife. The Japs took over after the Sino-Japanese War, and no nonsense about it; among other things, they put on an intensive campaign to soften up the Malayan natives. As late as the nineteen-thirties the headhunters were still active, however. Headhunters, by the way, are called Chin-hwan, or "raw savages," on Formosa, as opposed to the domesticated tribes, the Pe-pa-hwan, or "ripe savages."

Formosa is about the size of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined, and has a population of about five million Chinese, many of whom have more or less picked up Japanese ways. There are two hundred and fifty thousand Japs, mostly civil administrators, capitalists, and planters, and the old-time Malayan natives number a couple of hundred thousand. Among the unripe natives are the Taiyals, who tattoo their faces blue, select their leaders according to who has collected the most heads, and attack the Jap plantations by pole vaulting over the electrified wire fences the Japs put up to thwart them. A typical ripe tribe is the Paiwans, who like to listen to chamber music played on nose flutes and Jew's-harps. They raise fine tobacco for export and bury their dead in the cellars of their houses. Formosa would be a nice place for the Chinese to get back, for it yields camphor, tea, rice, sugar, petroleum, gold, copper, coal, sulphur, building stone, and jute. The Japs have also been raising opium poppies there. One of the Orient's great sinecures is certainly the post of official opium tester on Formosa. The incumbent works in a rather regal bunk in a special den decorated in black and gold, and presumably hasn't a care in the world.

Status Quo

TWO young ladies, apparently from neighboring offices, met in a corridor of the Graybar Building and exchanged a word. "Well, what's new?" one of them asked. The other, a dark, solemn type, thought for a moment, and finally said, in evident confusion, "Well, nothing *new*, I guess."

Collector

IT would be our hunch that a local high-school lad named Richard Marko is, in his own not terribly quiet way, one of the busiest figures on the home front. Richard collects Army and Navy shoulder patches. As of the time we talked with him, he had six hundred and fifty of the patches that are now in use, as well as a hundred and fifty dating back to the last war and a hundred and fifty assorted foreign ones, both Allied and enemy. Richard is only sixteen but has been in the patch-collecting game since before Pearl Harbor. "I started collecting patches because it was *the* thing to do," he said to us. "Everybody tried to tell me I didn't need all those patches. Now I accept their apologies." To date, the collection has brought him in seventy-five dollars. Macy's used it last month in a patriotic window display and paid Richard twenty-five dollars. Bamberger's, when we talked with Richard, had just agreed to pay fifty dollars for the same kind of deal. "I was a fool, just a fool, to get only twenty-five dollars from Macy's," Richard said. "But I was green then, and also I guess I felt patriotic."

It is Richard's boast that he has never paid money for a patch. We gathered that it is not uncommon for Johnny-come-lately patch collectors to do this. Some local firms that make patches for the government have developed a profitable sideline by selling them to collectors. Richard's best source is the armed forces. "God help the soldier with a patch I don't know!" he exclaimed. "I just go up and take it off him." As a somewhat less radical alternative, Richard will give the soldier his name and address and ask him to send a patch as promptly as possible. He has also established contact with a number of men overseas who are collectors, and swaps with them by mail. "I send them all they want, free of charge—good business, you know," he says. He writes about thirty letters a week, which, as he pointed out to us, costs him plenty. Not all his overseas contacts are too useful, either. There's one chap in the Twenty-seventh Division who keeps sending him the Twenty-seventh's patch, over and over. "He must have sent me fifty," Richard remarked fretfully. "What can I do with them? But of course the last thing in the world you want to do is send one back. Nothing would hurt a collector's feelings more." If you write to General Montgomery's headquarters, you will get a Twenty-first Army Group patch by return mail; at least, Richard did. His toughest job was getting one from our Caribbean Defense Command—had to write fifteen letters. The enterprise has grown to the point where Richard requires the services of an assistant. This is his cousin Jimmy, fourteen years old. "Sweet, innocent, lovely as they come," Richard told us. "He helps me mount and sort. It's too much for one man to do when he's trying to get somewhere in school."

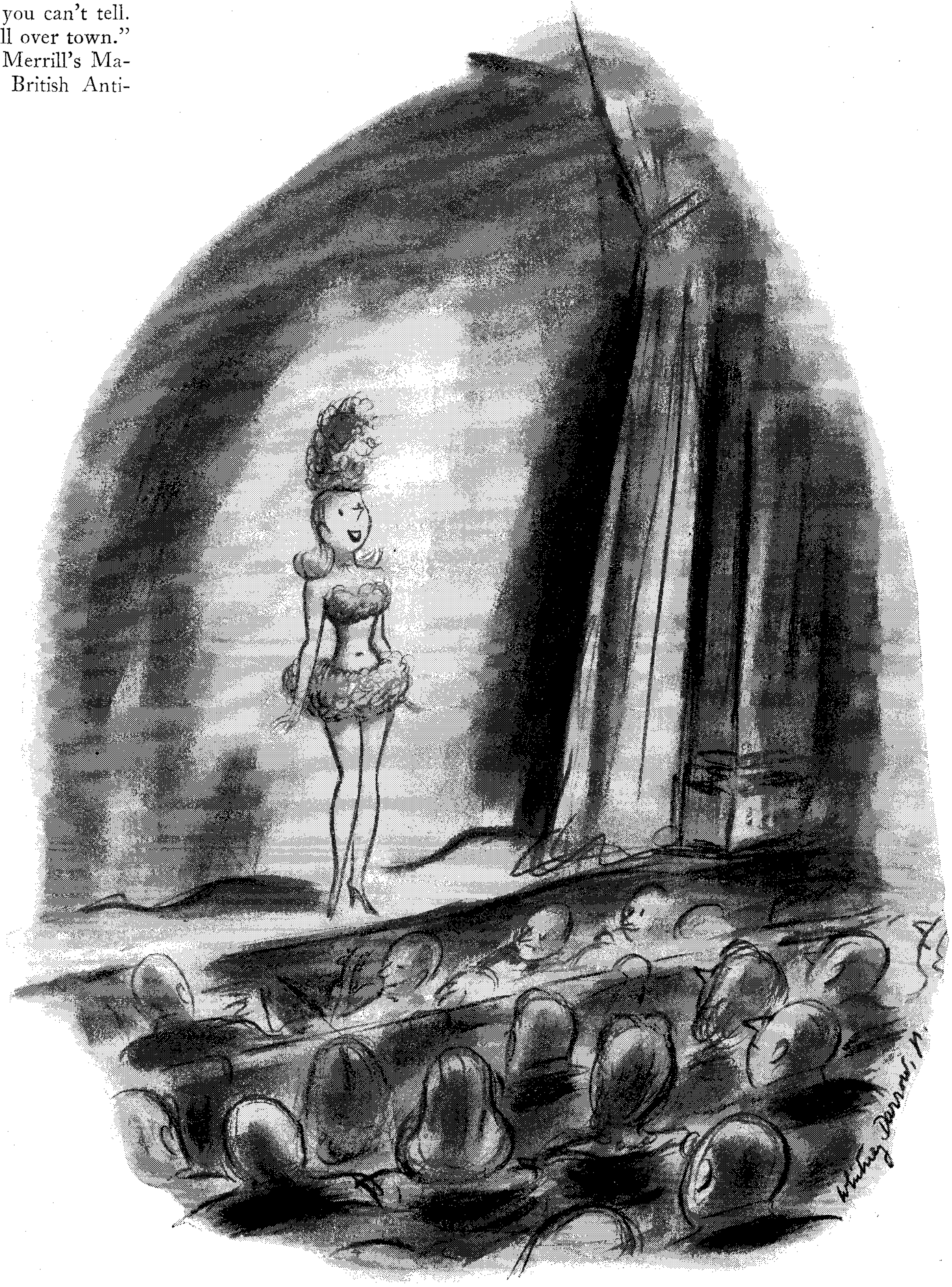
Asking Richard what is the most valuable item in his collection merely betrays ignorance of the patch-collecting game. "You got to keep ahead of the others—that's the whole trick," he said. "Right now I guess the Troop Carrier Airborne is my best, because nobody else has it. But you can't tell. Tomorrow it might be all over town." Richard is proud of his Merrill's Marauders and his Fourth British Anti-aircraft, both rare. Other rarities he prizes are patches belonging to outfits that were, as he puts it, "wiped out." The collection is complete as regards United States patches, except the Fourteenth Army. "I'll have them in about ten days," Richard said. Along with the patches, he has been building up a museum of miscellaneous military articles—bayonets, emergency kits, buttons, ribbons, insignia, belt buckles, pins, cap devices, and quite a few medals. He even has a Congressional Medal of Honor—"*very* hard to get," he assured us.

Type Casting

AN affable young matron we know recently moved from Manhattan to an undistinguished New Jersey suburb. One of her city friends asked her what she thought of the people out there. "Oh," she said, "I guess they're all right. They're exactly like the people in the Alka-Seltzer ads."

Few Tinhorns

WE went out to Jamaica of a recent fair afternoon to see if the touts and bookies had taken over in the absence of the customary detail of city cops, withdrawn by Mayor LaGuardia. They hadn't. Two hundred and fifty Pinkerton men were, as usual, assigned to the track—a hundred and seventy in uniform, the rest in plain clothes—and they had everything under control. That, at any rate, is how it seemed to us, and it is what Edward F. Grogan told us, and he's been supervising the protection of tracks for Pinkerton for almost twenty years. Mr. Grogan is a small, weathered character who wears gold-rimmed glasses, looks mild, and talks tough. "There's no more crime around here than before, and the tracks have all been well behaved in recent years," he told us. "We've been in the business so long we know most of the angles and we've got the power to make

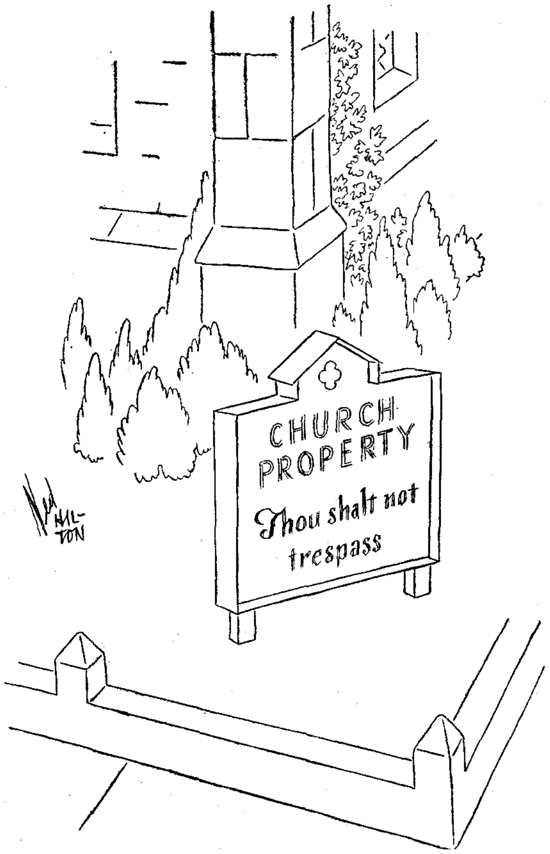


"And now, if I may be permitted to step out of my rôle for a moment, our government has asked me to . . ."

arrests at the track. We were always glad to have the coöperation of the police, and I'm sure that if we really needed them now they'd help us out." We asked Mr. Grogan how you go about keeping a track virtuous. "Keep out touts and bookies, see that the horses aren't tampered with, watch for pickpockets, bar known tricksters, and so on," said Mr. Grogan. "We've got photographs of over thirty thousand race-track employees and twenty-nine thousand horses, so we can spot any employee who's ever been in trouble or any horse that's been camouflaged. We have a big night patrol to look after the cash from the mutuels and the night men also check on the horses that are going to run next day."

Mr. Grogan asked us if we'd like to take a walk around with him and we said we would. As we were passing the pari-mutuel windows under the grandstand, he spoke to a burly young man in a striped suit, saying, "Give me a tail." The man fell in behind us. "I always have one of the boys tail me through here," Mr. Grogan explained, "in case I spot any muzzler I know. Saves me the trouble of going to the gate to throw him out." As we passed the ten-dollar windows, we were joined by another Pinkerton man, a Captain Salmon, a raw-boned fellow who looks like a Middle Western farmer. "Every time I get together with Ed here," the Captain said, "something happens. Remember that time in Florida, Ed?" Mr. Grogan nodded. "Went to the paddock of a track for privacy to have a talk," the Captain went on, "and Ed spots a counterfeiter the Treasury Department has been looking for for years. Got a terrific memory for faces." Mr. Grogan peered sharply at the throngs around the mutuel windows and the refreshment stands. Suddenly he dashed ahead and brought up beside a colored youth in a zoot suit. "Get out!" he said. "How do you do, Mr. Grogan," the boy said. Mr. Grogan ignored him. "You get out, too," he said to the boy's smaller, darker companion. The burly young man also moved in on the pair and shoved them along toward an exit. "Touting," said Mr. Grogan, resuming his stroll. "Had to toss them out before."

While Mr. Grogan was preoccupied with his peering around, Captain Salmon talked amiably of the Pinkerton method of maintaining order. "They know we throw the book at them if we bring them up on charges," he said, "so all we got to do is burn them." "Burn them?" we asked. "Give them the burn," the Captain said. "Let them know you got them under your eye all the time. Even without prosecution, we can keep them in line by threatening to bar them from every track in the country. Imagine! A horseplayer can't get near a track! Like a drunk without whiskey." Captain Salmon went his own way and Mr. Grogan took us into the clubhouse, where he paused a moment to glance at the track. "First race I've had a look at in several days," he said. We asked him if he ever laid any bets. "No Pinkerton employee is allowed to play the horses," he said. "Used to be, but it was bad for morale and kept the boys broke." As we went along, Mr. Grogan was greeted by people on all sides. It was difficult for us to tell the horseplayers from the plainclothesmen, and once we mistook one of the track officials for a gumshoe man. "Natural mistake," said Mr. Grogan, and then bent his ear toward a florid type, who whispered that there was some funny business going on in the back part of the grandstand. Mr. Grogan told him to get the evidence and bring the culprit upstairs to his office. "One thing we don't have much of now is counterfeit mutuel tickets," he next remarked to us. "Every now and then somebody changes the number on a ticket to make it a winner, but usually they don't get away with it. I remember one bird in Florida came to the track with a full set of dies for changing tickets. Caught him in the men's room with all his paraphernalia. Whenever a cashier gets hold of a phony ticket, he presses a button that lights a bulb over his booth and one of our men takes over." At the end of our tour around the track, we suggested to Mr. Grogan that he might have something good in mind for the next race. "I should be a tout!" he said. "Not on your life! If I nab a bookie with a hot one, though, I'll let you know."



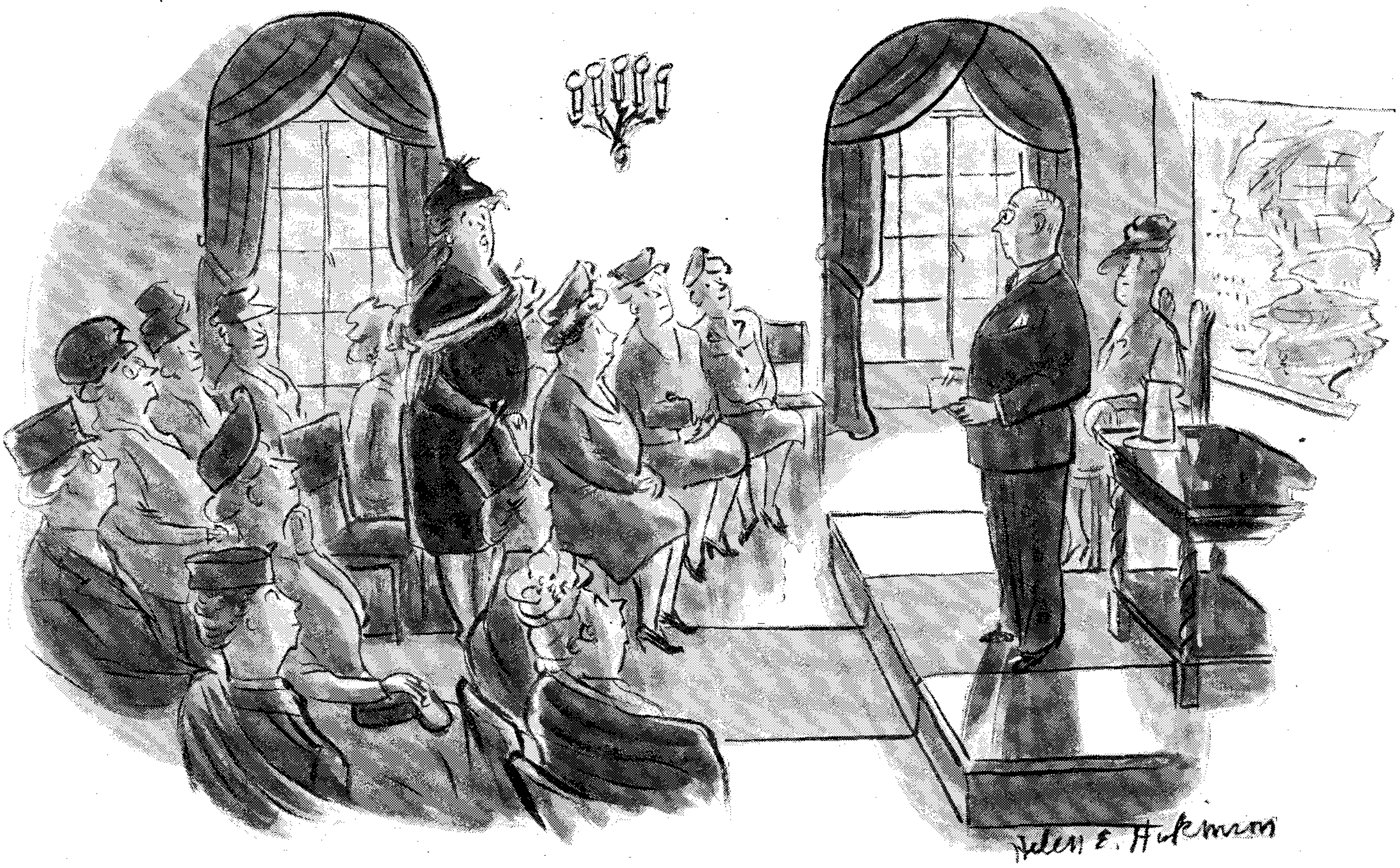
Target

AN indulgent uncle (in literature there are no other kinds) gave a little boy we know a model of a B-29. He got it out one day last week and announced to his mother that he was off on a bombing mission. "What are you going to bomb?" she asked. "I'm going to bomb where all the B-29s bomb," he told her. "Tuckahoe."

Without Permission

THE parents of Major Henry G. Plitt, the man who captured Streicher, run a gas station on upper Broadway, just north of Dyckman Street, and the day after the news broke we went up there. We found the little white building behind the pumps crowded with neighbors and friends, all of them talking at once and at the tops of their voices. We kept hearing, "That boy Henry . . ." and "I always knew . . ." and "I used to say . . ." Major Plitt's father, a thin, dark-haired man, appeared to be considerably undone by the aftermath of the good news. "I'm telling you," he said to us, "since four o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the first broadcast mentioned our major's name, Mrs. Plitt and I don't eat, we don't sleep, we don't even try to go to bed." He rubbed his unshaven chin. "Look at me!" he said. "A wreck. All night the phone rings—Atlanta, Miami, Hollywood even. People calling to say 'Hello and congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Plitt.' What can I say? All I can say is 'Thank you and how about buying a bond for the boys over there? There's still a war on, you know.' "

Mrs. Plitt, a rosy-cheeked, buxom woman, seemed more composed than her husband. She sat back of a large, cluttered desk and



"May I ask a question? There are still one or two things about the postwar world that bother me."

• •

nodded and smiled at first one and then another of the half-dozen women talking to her. They were all telling her what her son was like and there was no need to answer them. Between shifts, as one group of friends was working its way out of the building and another group was working its way in, we asked Mrs. Plitt to give us something of her son's record. "He was always a good boy," she said, "the best boy in the world. An only child, and he had everything he wanted, but not spoiled. Every Saturday, when he was little, he would take his grandfather to the temple. He went to P.S. 52, then to Staunton Military Academy. Then he attended Syracuse for a while and graduated from the Brooklyn Law School. He passed his bar in 1940, when he was twenty-one, and everyone said he was going to make a great trial lawyer."

Mr. Plitt interrupted his wife. "A regular Maxie Steuer he is—at least as far as memory is concerned. But he was always interested in being a soldier. He was a second lieutenant in the R.O.T.C. when he got out of Staunton. He joined the A.U.S. in 1941. First he was in the Air Forces, only his mother worried so about his flying that he got transferred to the ground forces and was stationed at the port of embarkation in Brooklyn." At that moment a man came in and slapped Mr. Plitt on the back. Mr. Plitt grinned and said, "I know what you're here for, and thanks."

"I'd been just about sick over Henry's flying," Mrs. Plitt said. "Then they sent out a call for paratroopers. If Henry ever asked my permission to do a thing and I said no, he wouldn't do it, so he didn't ask my permission to sign up for the jumping. That kept him from having a bad conscience. He graduated from Fort Benning and went overseas in 1943 with the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division. If I was sick about his flying, you can imagine how I felt about his being a paratrooper, but all I could do was work that much harder at my Red Cross and War Bond drives."

"She was made a lieutenant general in the Blue Star Brigade during the last War Bond drive," Mr. Plitt said. "She and I have sold enough bonds to buy a seventeen-hundred-bed evacuation hospital and two fighter planes for the 502nd Regiment, and we got papers to prove it. This news is going to help us sell more bonds than ever. Fellow called up a few minutes ago and wanted to buy ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds. Henry was one of the first Allied soldiers to hit French soil on D Day. It says so right in his citation. He got the Silver Star and cluster for his good work and the Purple Heart and three clusters for his wounds. That first day he was only slightly wounded. Later he jumped in Holland and was wounded again. He went back into the line and in a day or two was wounded again. Then he went back into the line and got wounded a fourth time, and when he woke up he was in a hospital in England. He came back here in February for a three weeks' leave, and that's the last we've seen of our major."

Reflex

WE have had a letter from a doctor, a nose-and-throat man, who is, like most doctors these days, a little tired. The other morning this doctor arrived at his office an hour late, because of an emergency call, and rushed into the treatment room to deal with the first patient, an old gentleman who complained of a sore throat. The patient opened his mouth for inspection, and just at that moment the telephone rang. The doctor looked alertly in at the old gentleman's tonsils and said, "Hello?"

IT'S JUST CHUCK-FULL OF TYPICAL DEMON RAYON TWISTS

"ARTIE," said Benny Greenspan, as he ushered me into his office, "I certainly appreciate you comin' here, specially when I know you're prolly busier right now than a one-eyed paperhanger. Here, kid." He drew a chair close to his desk and waved me toward it. "Sit down and park your carcass."

I sat down and looked slowly around the room, noticing the half-filled bookshelves, the stacks of trade papers, and the autographed pictures of movie stars. "Quite a place you have here, Benny," I said.

"Say, that's right—you never been here before. See that?" he asked, proudly pointing to the knotty-pine panelling. "I got the joint designed strickly in naughty pine. Nachelly, out here in Hollywood, when a person is in the flesh-peddlin' game whereby they are handlin' talent who yank down between three, four figgers a week, nachelly I dassent ast they should come and discuss a deal in some broken-down flea bag or other. Comprehend my drift?"

Before I could reply, he turned away, snapped down a lever on his dictograph, and barked into the metal transmitter. "I'm in confrince, Gussie, and I don't want you should disturb me come hell and hot water," he said. "Unless Sonny Grant phones me. Then I want he should be put right through, but I doubt it." He clicked the lever up, then spun around in his chair to face me. "Believe me, Artie, it's highly swell of you to come all the way outa your way just on account I phoned you should come over."

"That's the second time you've thanked me," I said. "Benny, I've a hunch you're in a little trouble with Sonny Grant."

"Brother," he said, with a sigh, "you ain't kiddin'! If I had a dime fa evvey worry I got pryin' on my mind right now, I'd be a well-heeled character beefin' about heavy income taxes. But I don't blame Sonny Grant so much as a certain writer who goes under the name of Ivor Barlow. Artie," he continued, jumping up from his chair, "bein' you're a writer with some connection with the Execative Board, the reason I ast you should come here, you simply gotta do me a special favor and take this whole, entire issue up with the Screen Writers Guild, they should grab this lousy incomepoop by the nap of his neck and kick him the hell outa Hollywood, where he belongs. I want they should blackball this no-good chiseller—" He checked himself. "Maybe I should commence from the very beginnin', so you could get a good conception what the hell I'm talkin' about."

"Yes," I said. "That wouldn't be such a bad idea."

"WELL," Benny began, after he had settled back in his chair, "I dunno if you are personally acquainted with the head of my story department, Ray Mason, but he happens to be a very refined and cultivated character—you know, half dreamer and half dope. Anyways, about two, maybe three, months ago, he comes rushin' into my awfice, it's imperative I gotta see him right away, on account he's got a party waitin' in the reception room he wants I should meet—a guy who useta occupy a very prominent notch in the pitcha game over there in Paris, France—and Ray is sure we two could get together on a deal which would be mutually renumerative to us both.

"So he brings in this Frenchman, Pier Louvay, and Artie, I din know if I should bust out laughin' or cryin'. He's a little, bald-haired guy, this Pier, all dried up and with such a wrinkled puss I felt like rushin' him over to my tailor and havin' his kisser pressed. But when he opens his trap, that's when I seen right away we was rapidly gettin' no place fast. In the first place, he spoke with a heavy French brogue, and in the second place, what he did to the English langwich was pure and simply murder! So I gives him the brushoff routine and I tells him he should sit tight, I'll communicate with him further.

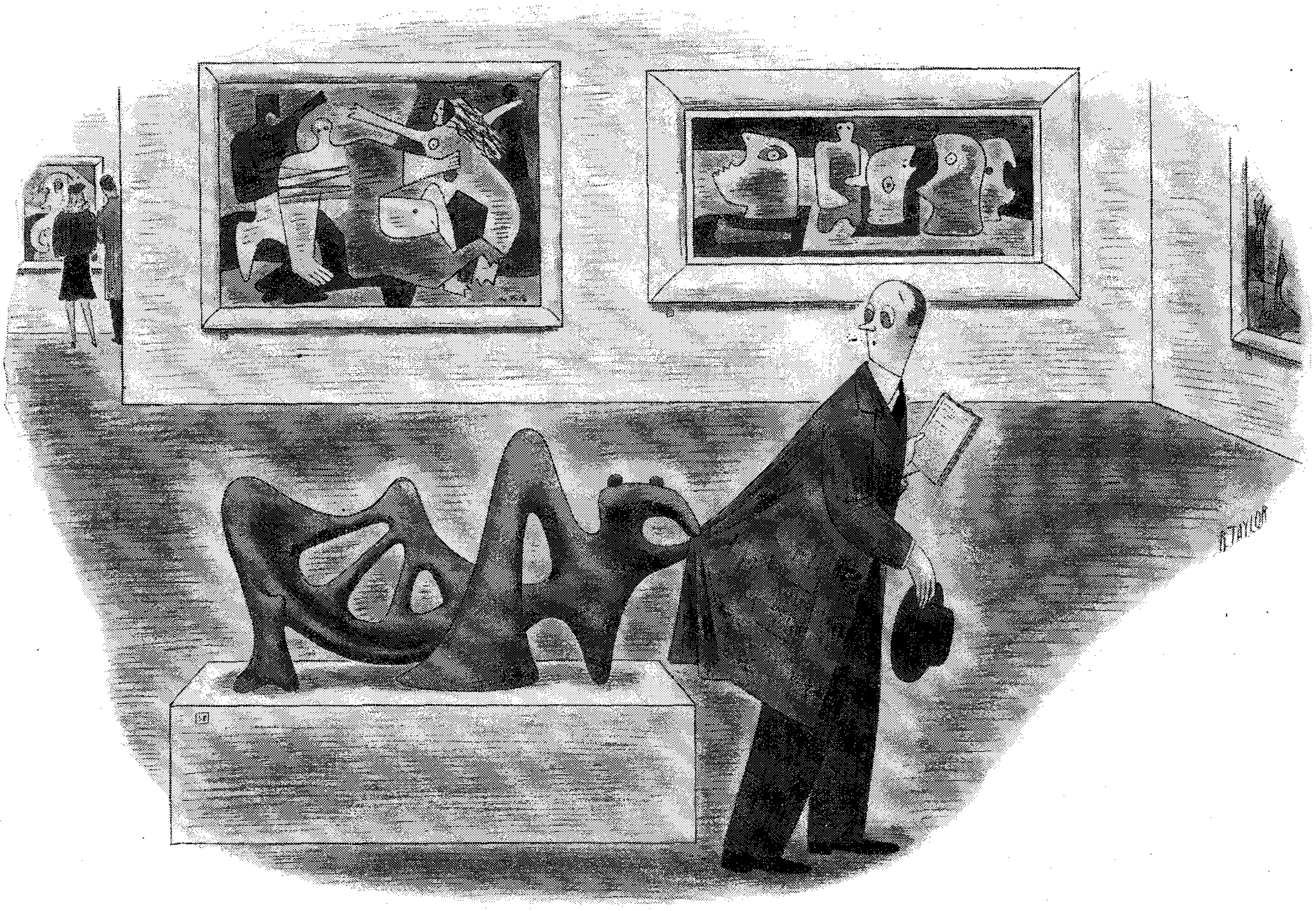
"Once he scrams, I says to Ray, 'Ray, what's the big idear bringin' in this here character, he should consume such a waste of my time? Guys like that are a drudge on the market today,' I says. 'You don't unnastand,' Ray says to me. 'This fella happens to be the daddy of the French industry.' Then Ray informs me what top actors and directors this Louvay developed and he explains me some of the pitchas he produced. In fack, when he starts tellin' me about the French movie 'Lovers in Crime,' that's when my ears pert up and I get kinda inarrested on account its cute idear.

"It's a combination 'Bullock Drummond' and 'Raffles' story—all about a gang of French society crooks who get theirselves all bibbed and tuckered out, strickly formal, see, and then they crash very swanky parties, dance with the dames, and before they know it, it's goodbye pearls! And just when the Perfeck of Police got the gang tailed and he's gonna make the pinch, lo and behold, the girl they stole most the ice off of, she falls in love with the head crook and covers him up with an alibi so that the police lets him get off scotch free. In other words, Artie, it's the kinda story it's just chuck-full of typical Demon Rayon twists.

"Well, anyways, I find out from Ray that Louvay owns all the rights to 'Lovers in Crime,' besides a barrel of other properties he produced. So I figger I got like a gold mine on my hands and I says to Ray he should grab this guy right away fa a client, irregardless if I don't unnastand even one word he's talkin' about.

"Well, sir, that night I'm in my study playin' a little gin rummy with a certain cute dish I happen to be romancin' when alluva sudden I remember Sonny Grant over at Monarch, he's wreckin' his brains tryin' to find somethin' fa Eddie Robinson, who promised him a one-pitcha commitment providin' he likes the story. Now, I know that Sonny and his bride, they split up again, so I figger he's prolly over at Chasen's bendin' the elbow and gettin' hisself a little topsy. So I phones Chasen's and, sure enough, Sonny is there. 'Look,' I says to him, 'I hate like hell to bother you, specially when you got your nose knee-deep in some delicious roast beef or other, but tell me,' I says, 'are you still inarrested in an Eddie Robinson property?' 'Fa cryin' out loud!' he yells on me. 'Will you stop astin' dopey questions over the phone and ast me them in person—but quick!'

"So I parks the cutie pie with a deck of cards, she should play some solitaire by herself till I gets back, and I jumps into my car and like a stroke of lightnin' I'm over at Chasen's bendin' Sonny's ear with the 'Lovers in Crime' story. And, boy, I'm givin' out with a terrific pitch, but with evveything I got. Finey, when I'm finished, I look at Sonny and he's massagin' his chin with his nails and all he says is nothin'. So I makes with the personality and I says, 'Well, Sonny, there it is. Now, what's your frank reaction?' 'Benny,' he says to me, 'I'll tell you what is my frank



reaction in one simple word—namely, it stinks!'

"Brother, when I heard that, I knew it was a case of strickly no soap without I did some pretty fast thinkin', which I did. 'Nachelly it stinks,' I says. 'And why? On account that's the original idear. Now, lemme tell you what a wise cookie this Louvay character is. He wantsa give the story a modrun twist and bring it up to date.' Artie, I'm strickly spitballin', not knowin' what the hell I'm gonna say next, but I figger if I can keep on flappin' my jaws, maybe somethin' will pop out like a bolt from the blues.

" 'Finstance,' I says to Sonny, 'Louvay figgers to make the backgroun' this country—America insteada Europe. He says that with the war and evvey-thing, a lotta people from abroad came over here. Well, the same happened with this gang of crooks. Things got a little too hot fa them and they all excaped to this side. O.K. So this bunch lays low till finey their dough starts meltin' away, and now they gotta look aroun' fa some new angle. So what'll it be? Well, the head crook, the Brain, he finds out that the auction places are jammed with nuts who are buyin' up luxuries—anything so long it costs dough. Right away he gets like a thought! Him and the gang will go in the art racket—you know, sellin' hand-painted pitchas, oney insteada peddlin' the genuwine article, his outfit will palm off phonies, and bein' they all got foreign accents, the suckers'll nachelly think they are buyin' the real stuff.'

"Artie, the words are still hot outa my mouth when Sonny starts poundin' my back so hard I feel like I'm bein' branded. 'My God, man!' he yells on me. 'This guy Louvay must positively be a genius!' 'Why, certainly he's a genius,' I says, and then I dry up, figgerin' he'll explain me his remark, which he does. 'Imagine bein' smart enough to dope out that pitcha angle! In the first place, Eddie Robinson is rabbit on the subjeck from art on account he invested a young fortune in the stuff hisself, and in the second place, all I gotta do is tell him the story exposes the art racket and he'll go fa it one-two-three!'

"Then alluva sudden Sonny gets cagey-like. He prolly figgered he tipped his mitt by showin' me how excited he is, so he says, 'You know, Benny, so far there's nothin' to it but a germ which hasta be developed on paper. But I'll tell you what I'll do,' he says. 'You take ten grand fa the story and we'll call it a deal.' "

"No!" I exclaimed. The offer sounded too fantastic, even for Hollywood. "Don't tell me you actually got ten thousand for that crummy idea!"

"Who said anything about that was my final price?" Benny asked. Then, assuming the tolerant tone generally used toward a not-too-bright child, he added, "Look, kid, when a producer informs you that his star is simply gonna dote your story, then no matter what price you ast, it's still not absorbent enough.

"Anyways, I explain to Sonny that Pier Louvay happens to be like the Louie B. Mayer of the French industry, and offerin' ten grand to a man of his statue is like a slap in the kisser. 'If that's the case,' says Sonny, 'then no matter hommuch I quote, it's still gonna be like chicken feed.' 'Oh, no,' I says. 'Pier's dough is all tied up over in Europe, and he needs a little somethin' to live on—say, roughly, aroun' forty grand. Just maul it over in your mind, Sonny,' I says, 'and lemme know when you reach a conclusion.' And with that I blows, but I know I got the guy sittin' on tenderhooks and it's oney a question of time.

"The next day I call up Pier, he

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A RECALCITRANT MERCER

(When Mrs. Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, president of the Park Association of New York City, Inc., wrote Philip Le Boutillier, president of Best & Co., hoping that he would help make Fifth Avenue more beautiful by planting trees in front of the new Best store at Fifth and Fifty-first Street, Mr. Le B. answered rather brusquely that he would do no such thing. He hates trees on Fifth Avenue, thinks the ones around St. Patrick's and Radio City mar the charm of the buildings. He doesn't think the regional pigeons are any bargain, either. If trees are planted before the new Best store, it will be over Mr. Le B.'s dead body.)

In accents sharp, if not acerb,
Phil scorns to beautify his curb.
No Birnam Wood, says Best's proud Thane,
Shall ever come to his Dunsinane.
He casts a hostile, jaundiced eye
Upon St. Patrick's trees nearby
And views with ill-concealed disdain
The pigeons nesting in that fane.
Nor do the trees in Radio City
Excite his pleasure. Not a bit. He
Feels some nicely laid cement, or
Bricks, would better adorn the Center.
No leaf shall rustle, or sparrow nest,
Or dog disport, in front of Best.
No maple there, or oak, or elm,
While P. Le B. is at the helm.
I think that I shall never see
A man so angry at a tree.

Ah, what a shame it is that trade
Should steel Phil's heart 'gainst kindly shade!
Could Betty Smith buy pretty things
If trees had never grown in Kings?
Why, forward-looking business leaders
All speak well of elms and cedars;
Every man these days foresees
A city thickly sown with trees.
It's coming, Philip, it's a trend:
Old Fifth tree-lined from end to end;
From Schwarz's toy shop to the Arch
Long rows of maple, ginkgo, larch,
Chestnut, ash, and all the rest—
Except, alas, in front of Best!

I see that block forlorn and bare,
Sizzling in the summer air,
A drear and arid desert scene
Amid the cool, surrounding green;
Customers falling, from heat or thirst,
At Fifty-second or Fifty-first.

Be warned, Phil, be less adamant!
Before it is too late, recant!
Get back to Nature, man, be free!
Disport yourself, go climb a tree;
Drink in the vernal chlorophyll
Or listen to a robin's trill.
Dismiss all matters mercantile,
Become a happy dendrophile,
Forget you ever worked on Fift',
And go on a hike with Otis Swift!

You'll stride back to your native mart
With laughing eye and singing heart,
Better equipped to sell fine duds
For having frolicked with the buds.
You'll find yourself rejuvenated,
Loving those trees that once you hated.
You'll write again to Mrs. S.,
This time your note a hearty Yes,
Swearing that on the Avenue
No man shall cherish elms as you;
No man more eager to sponsor a tree
Than Best & Company's Phil Le B.—
Why, you may be the first employer
To shoot the works and plant a sequoia!

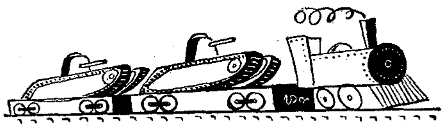
—FRANK SULLIVAN

• •

should come over to the awfice, and we have a confrince. Well, sir, when I informs him I turned down ten grand, I honestly thought I'd have a conniption case on my hands, the way he started yellin' and screamin'. Finey he winds up tellin' me in broken-down English he'd be willin' to settle fa five thousand, so long as the dough is legally tender.

"Now, some other agent who got larceny in their heart, he'da give the guy a fast shuffle. He'da bought the story on the spot fa five Gs, peddled it right away to Sonny fa ten, and copped hisself a fast buck. I'm sorry, Artie, but I don't operate that way. I believe in bein' strickly ethical or not at all. So I writes out my personal check fa one thousand smackers and I says to him, 'Pier, I am advancin' you some dough to tie you over. Now, you lemme handle the deal my way and I guarantee I will get you a very substantial piece change, believe me.' Once he sees hommuch confidence I got in the story, then he says O.K., he will lemme proceed ahead. In fack, he's willin' to go even further. He will cut up a buck with me fifty-fifty whatever I get, providin' his share is not less than the ten grand originally quoted. A highly sporty proposition.

"Well, sir, I bite my time till Sonny calls me and then we go at it hammer and tongues till I finey gets him to boost the ante up to thirty thousand. Yes, sir," Benny declared, seeing my look of surprise, "thirty thousand! And my share, fa me personally alone, woulda been a cool fifteen Gs, oney there happened to be a certain needle in the woodpile, namely that stinker Ivor Barlow!"

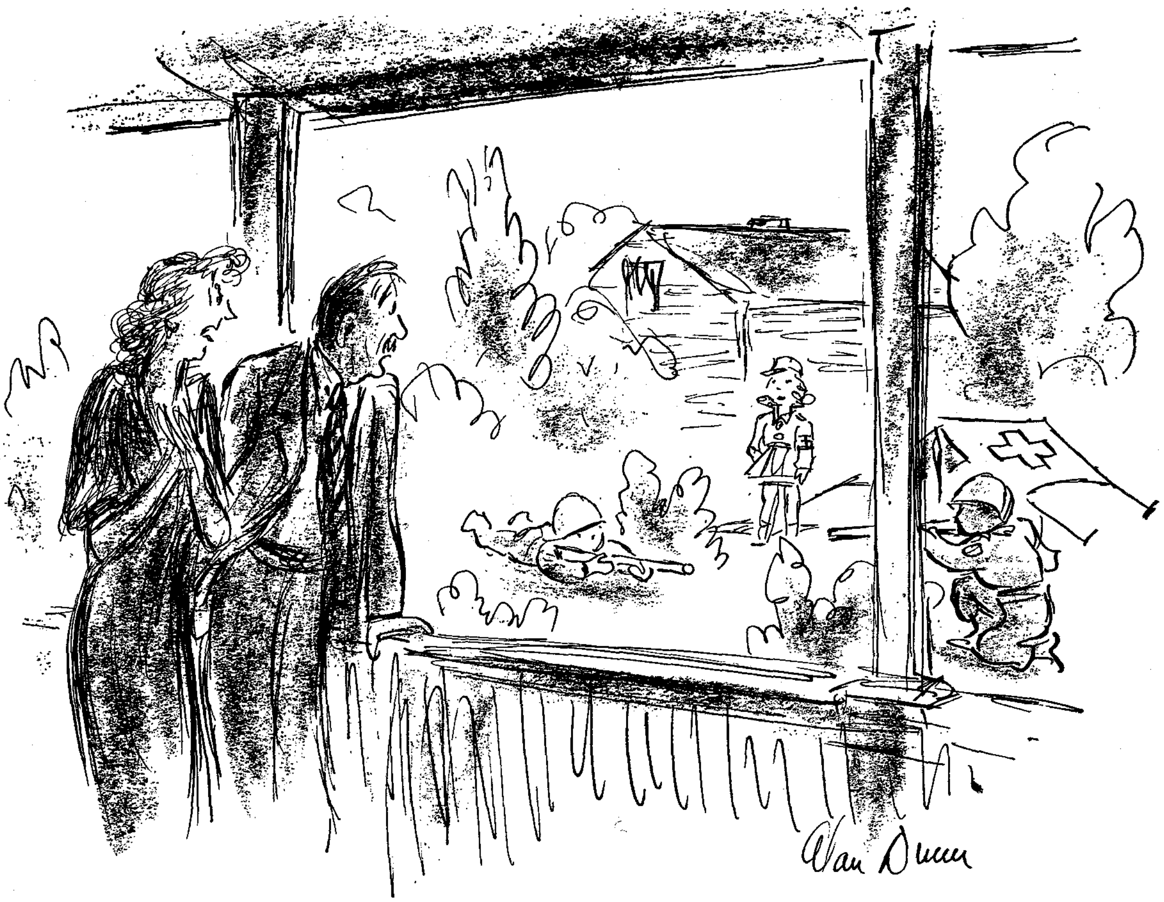


"Just where does he fit into this picture?" I asked.

"The deal's all set, see," Benny continued, "and the papers are all drawn up. Well, there's an affidavid which the original writer has gotta sign which says the story is strickly his invention, so that in case some cracked pot claims it was stolen offa him, the studio is protected.

"I find out from Pier that Barlow is the guy who wrote 'Lovers in Crime' and he is here in Hollywood workin' over at Unity. So I calls him up and I explain him why it's imperative I gotta have his signature affixed up to the affidavid. 'My dear sir,' he says to me in a highly English dialeck like if his nose was clocked, 'Mr. Louvay purchased the story offa me in Paris, France, some years ago, and now he owns all rights to same. I'm afraid I can't sign fa somethin' which I'm not connected with whatsoever.'

"Artie," Benny said, "in my whole,



"Don't forbid them, darling. Suggest something else."

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entire life I never come acrost a character with such a one-truck mind. First, I thought I'd soften him up with a little present, a case prewar champagne. The guy pradically tossed the case right back in my kisser! Next, I calls him up and tells him his autograph is worth five hundred smackers to me. He informs me he already owns five Cs. So I bump up the figger to a grand, and he says he's also got a thousand bucks.

"All the time Sonny is pesterin' me, 'How's about it, and where are the documents?' So one day while I'm over at Unity, I drops into Barlow's awfice and I have a very frank talk with him and I go over the entire situation with a fine tooth. I explain him that without the signed affidavid the whole deal is gonna be disbanded, but if he will sign I will personally give him the normal agent's commission of ten per cent, namely three thousand dollars.

" 'You are confusin' me up with yesself,' he says. '*You* take the ten per cent, and me and Louvay will split fifty-fifty.' 'You can't do that to me!' I yells on him. 'Not after I talked myself black and blue in the face gettin' Sonny inarrested in the story! Not after I give it the modrun twist that sold him the idear!' 'Parm me,' this jerk says to me, 'but you couldn'tna give it any twist without I wrote that story in the first place. Besides, Louvay bought it from me fa peanuts, on account I was a dope at the time. But I learned some sense in the past few years—namely, enough to know if somebody wants my signature, it's worth what I'm astin' or not at all.' You hear?"

"Looks like he had you over a barrel," I said.

"And in spades!" moaned Benny. "I thought I'd wait and maybe I'd figger out some angle, but the other day Sonny phones me and says he's gonna be tied up in connection with a dinner date we made, so some other time maybe. 'Uh-uh, Benny,' I says to myself, 'there's somethin' screwy goin' on aroun' here. Here he's been pressin' me right along, what about the affidavid, and now he's not mentionin' the story whatsoever.' I smelt a rat someplace, and, believe me, I din like it the lease little bit. I concluded I better give Barlow what he wants, otherwise the deal's liable to get cold and I'm out the grand I advanced Louvay. So I phone Barlow he should come right over to the awfice, I'm acceptin' his proposition.

"Well, sir, he comes over and he signs the papers, and before the signature got even time to dry, I'm in my car and I'm over at Sonny's awfice wavin' the papers in his kisser and tellin' him evveything is set and we are off to the races. Sonny looks at me like if I'm starch ravin' mad. 'Benny,' he says, 'what are you talkin' about?' 'About the Eddie Robinson story,' I says, 'nachelly. What else?'

"Well, Artie," said Benny after a pause, "the guy starts bawlin' me out—what kind agent am I to go sellin' somethin' where the rights are tied hand and foot? Is he supposed to sit calmly aroun' and wait till weeks lapse by while I dig up some nut or other's signature? Then he pulls the clincher. 'Furthermore,' he says, 'how can I make an Eddie Robinson pitcha when Eddie left oney two days ago on a U.S.O. tour and I got no idear if and when he's returnin' back.' It's a lucky thing the papers weren't signed, else the studio would be out a neat thirty grand, he says."

I clucked sympathetically and said, "Boy, that's certainly giving you a stiff kick in the pants."

"Yeah, oney it's a little higher up—right in the teeth," Benny said. "I don't blame Sonny so much as that Barlow jerk. If he hadna horsed aroun' tryin' to outsmart me, the deal woulda been set and I'da made myself a soft buck insteada bein' out one thousand smackers plus a lawsuit Louvay is tryin' to smack on me.

"From now on, Artie, I'm washin' my hands offa writers, the whole lot of them." He banged his fist on the desk. "They're all wing-happy from them bats flappin' aroun' loose up in their belfries." Then, suddenly remembering my occupation, he softened, patted me on the arm, and quickly added, "Present company nachelly excepted!"

—ARTHUR KOBER

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a shoe manufacturer's booklet*]

It is said that a person is as old as his feet.

AND HOLY GHOST

USUALLY, Rocco pretended to be asleep when Sister Louise entered his room. It was one of a number of tricks he had worked out during his stay at the hospital, and he repeated it day after day. This afternoon he lay with his eyes open, his brown hands motionless on the sheet which covered him. Sister Louise lifted the sheet, glanced at the raw, rose-colored texture of his burns, and said, "They're better. They look fine."

Tugging at the sheet, Rocco said, "Why can't I be left alone? Why is somebody always snooping around?"

"Don't be an old crosspatch," Sister Louise said. "Did you have a nice lunch?"

"At eleven? How's a guy supposed to work up an appetite at eleven?"

"We've always had lunch at eleven here. Besides, Sister Ellen said you ate everything on your plate."

"She must have finished the stuff herself. She looks big enough."

"Goodness," Sister Louise said mildly, taking his pulse with her cool fingers, "you certainly got out of the wrong side of bed this morning."

"Oh, sure, I got out of bed and went down to the Midway Grill for a drink," Rocco said. "Think nothing of it." As Sister Louise lifted her fingers from his wrist, he added uneasily, "You're late. You're not supposed to be late."

"So that's it!" Sister Louise said, mocking him. "You're a regular spoiled brat. You'd think I had nothing better to do than to run in and see you every two minutes." She was flattered, nevertheless, and added softly, "But I'm only a little late. Old Mrs. Keeney had one of her crying spells. She was afraid she'd die before she got to confession. Father Regan's in with her now. He's confessed her every day for a month."

"She ought to be dead," Rocco said. Being twenty, he spoke with assurance. "All those old crones ought to be dead."

Sister Louise touched the crucifix which hung against her starched white habit. "You mustn't talk like that," she said. "If you do, I'll have to wash out your mouth with soap."

Rocco began to feel better. He relaxed his grip on the sheet and said, "Go ahead and try. By God, you've done everything else to me."

" 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' " Sister Louise said. "You know better than to use such language, Rocco—a nice Catholic boy like you."

"I'm not a nice Catholic boy. I'm not anything." Then, knowing that it would wound her, he said, "What did the Lord my God ever do for me, I'd like to know? I get a job in the plane plant, I start earning real dough for the first time in my life, and bang! some dumb cluck sets fire to a bin of aluminum shavings. So I damn near burn to death." Rocco's eyes filled with tears. "Jesus Christ," he said, "that's a laugh."

"I can do you more good on my knees in chapel than I can here," Sister Louise said. "It's no use wasting all day on the likes of you." She checked the items on the night table beside his cot. The bottle of holy water and the cheap wooden rosary she had left there had not been removed from their places. She couldn't tell whether this was a good sign, since Rocco, lying on his back without a pillow, might have been unable to see them. She said, "Is there anything you need?"

"Sure," Rocco said, "but it never does any good asking for things around here."

"What do you want?"

"I want some fresh water. And I don't mean that half pint of holy water, I mean drinking water."

"The pitcher was filled after lunch," Sister Louise said.

"And I want an orange or an apple—something like that."

"I thought you weren't hungry."

"I wasn't hungry at lunch," Rocco said severely. "I'm hungry *now*."

"You'll have to wait until supper. It will do you good."

Sister Louise started for the hall door, her habit rustling over the tiled floor, and Rocco said, "Well, then, I have to go to the bathroom."

Sister Louise nodded. "You can ring for the floor nurse. She'll be here in a second."

Rocco groaned and drew the sheet up to his chin. Sister Louise hesitated in the doorway. "What about Father Regan?" Rocco said. "I thought you were sending Father Regan to see me."

Sister Louise turned back into the room. Though she wasn't deceived by Rocco's tricks, she couldn't help feeling that his immortal soul was at stake. "You told me you wouldn't see him. You told me you'd throw him out the window."

"I didn't."

"You called him names. Dreadful names."

Rocco closed his eyes. "I don't remember," he said. "I must have been crazy."

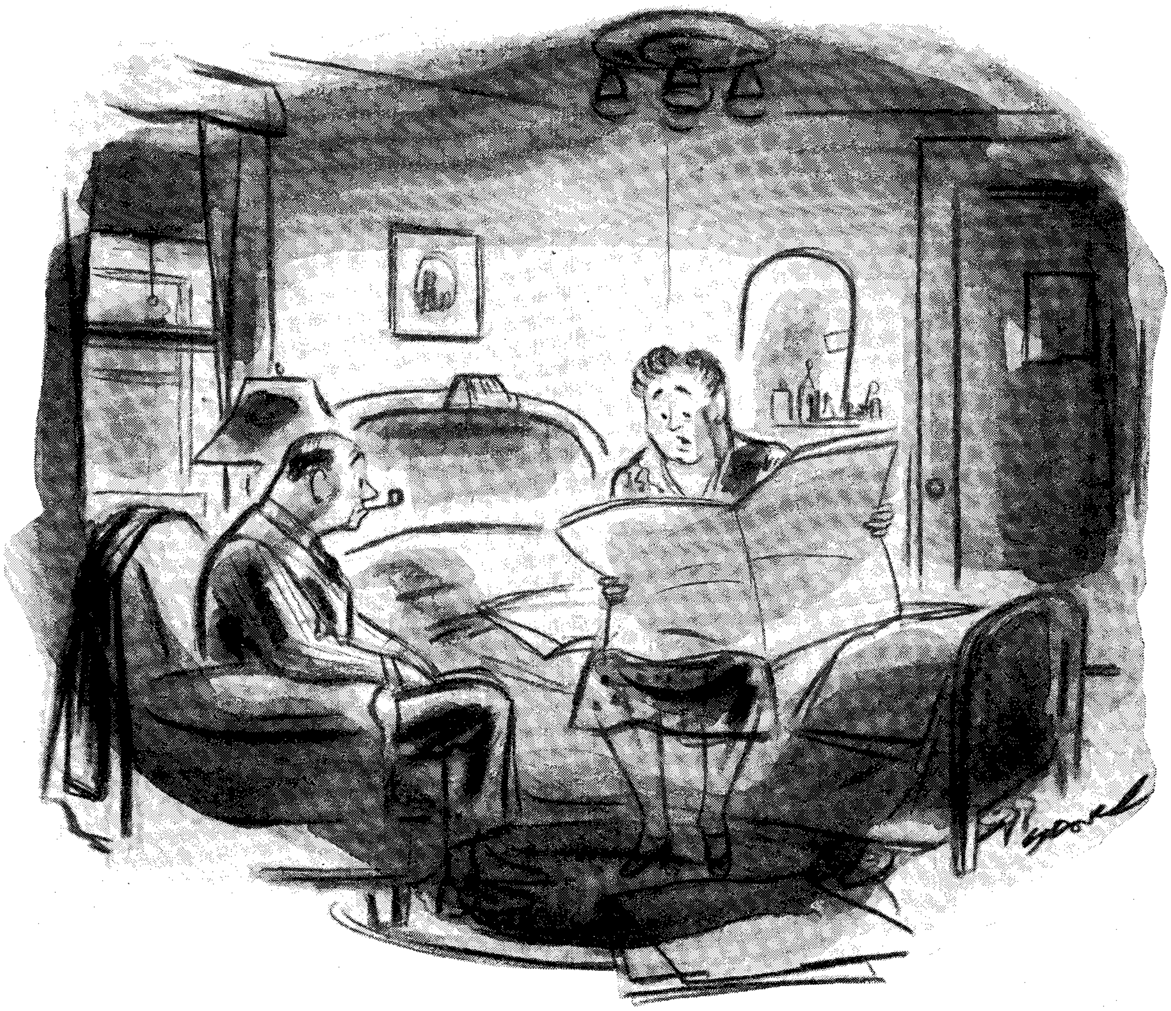
"He's right next door in Mrs. Keeney's room," Sister Louise said. "I'll have him drop by as soon as he finishes giving her penance."

"I suppose you've told him a lot of lies about me? I suppose you've laid it on good and thick?"

"You think you're pretty important, don't you?" Sister Louise said. "What if I haven't told him anything at all?"

"But you have," Rocco said. "I know you have. 'That nice Catholic boy,' that's what you must have told him." Rocco imitated the high sweetness of Sister Louise's voice. " 'He's never been baptized, so he isn't really a Catholic, but he ought to be a Catholic. All dagos are Catholics. Oh, you'll have to baptize him, Father, you'll just have to.' "

"I never called anybody a dago in my life," Sister Louise



"Here's a good one—seven rooms, two baths, completely modern. The only trouble is it's in Billings, Montana."

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said stiffly. "I don't think you're being a bit funny."

"'Baptize him, Father before anything happens to him, because what if he died and went straight down to hell?'" Rocco was carried away by his own mimicry; his voice shook and his eyes filled again with tears. "'Straight down to hell to burn for ever and ever, and he's burned enough already, Father. He's all but burned to death now.'"

"That's enough of such nonsense," Sister Louise said, with real indignation. "Your burns are coming along fine. You know they are."

"You always claim they are," Rocco said. "You always tell me the same thing. For all I know, I might pass out tomorrow." Two large tears rolled down his cheeks. "Jesus Christ," he said. "What did Jesus Christ ever do for me?"

"Now, stop it," Sister Louise said. "You're no better than a girl. You're the worst patient on the floor."

"That's because I'm a dago," Rocco said. "Dagos like to cry. Didn't you know that?"

Sister Louise said, "I'll speak to Father Regan." Then she picked up a towel which lay folded on the rack extending across the back of the night table and wiped Rocco's cheeks. "Be nice to Father," she said. "He's not young and quick like you. And don't get him excited. If you swear, you'll get him excited."

"I don't want to see him," Rocco said.

"But you just promised—"

"I didn't. I won't go through all that mumbo-jumbo. I won't go to confession."

"Don't be silly," Sister Louise said. "Nobody's talking about confession. We'll be lucky if we get you baptized."

"Lucky?" Rocco asked. In spite of the pain of his burns, he tried to raise himself on the mattress. "You mean I'm worse? Is that what you're getting at? You mean I'm not doing so good?"

"I don't mean anything of the kind," Sister Louise said. "You're doing fine." She put her hands lightly on his shoulders and he relaxed against the mattress. "Now, hush," she said. "I'll be back in a moment."

Rocco lay unprotesting on the bed as Sister Louise rustled out of the room. Usually he was convinced that he was going to get well, but there were times when he felt certain that he was about to die, and then he would cry helplessly until the last wave of his fear had spent itself and was replaced by an odd, dreamlike pity for the fact of his own death, for all the good times he had missed, the wonderful things he had never seen. No matter how hard he tried, he found it impossible then to believe that Sister Louise's desire to see him baptized had nothing to do with his burns. At night, when Sister Louise retired with the other nuns to the Mother House across the street and only a nurse remained on duty in the shadowy corridor outside his room, Rocco suspected that Sister Louise had deceived him and that his burns would never heal. He would lie staring up into the darkness, wanting to shout her name, wanting to bring her back into his room.

At such times he wished that his father, who called himself a free thinker, had let him be baptized like the other kids in the neighborhood in which he had grown up. The fact that he had not been baptized had placed him apart from the rest of the gang. He didn't have to hear mass and he could say words like "Jesus Christ" and "son of a bitch" without the need of going to confession afterward. But since his accident, and especially during the bad times at night, he sometimes reflected that it was one thing to have left the

Church, as his father had done, and something else never to have belonged to the Church at all. Thinking of himself as an outcast from a place unknown but strong and reassuring, he would recall his father, a neat, sharp-tongued dandy of a man, and whisper aloud, "Why, the little son of a bitch! The little dago!"

Now, listening to the sound of the nurses' heels clicking up and down the corridor outside his room, the sound of a car starting in the street below, he wondered about Father Regan. He heard a man say, "He's asleep, isn't he?" Then Sister Louise touched his forehead with her finger tips. At her touch, Rocco felt, as always, an abrupt lessening of his fear. He heard her say, "Rocco's my favorite, Father, and he knows it."

Then the priest's voice, tired and slightly hoarse: "It never pays to spoil them. They're all alike."

"Rocco's not like anybody else," Sister Louise said. "He's a good boy."

"My dear Sister, I had a parish full of them once. I know," the priest said.

"He's never had a chance," Sister Louise said. "He's never had anything. This was the first good job he ever got, and what happened? He nearly burned to death. When they brought him in from the plant, I thought the case was hopeless. I even left a bottle of holy water here, in case of emergency. I thought I might have to baptize him whether he wanted it or not."

"Whether he wanted it or not?" the priest demanded. "Why, you might have been exposing the sacrament to nullity, do you realize that?" He repeated the word with relish. "To nullity, Sister."

"I don't care," Sister Louise said. "I'd have done it." She sounded to Rocco as if she could not recall what nullity was. "I want to save him. I have to save him."

Father Regan said, "I hope you realize, Sister, that you've said some rather extraordinary things." His voice rose as if he were speaking from a pulpit. "It might be wise to forget that young man's soul for a while and consider your own."

Why, you old bag of wind, Rocco thought, you old blow-hard, you'd better lay off talking to Sister Louise like that. He stirred under the sheet and Sister Louise said, "Awake?"

Rocco opened his eyes. "I must have dozed off," he said. "I'm hungry." He pretended not to see Father Regan, who stood, looking plump and freshly shaven, at the high window which lit the room. "What the hell does a guy have to do around here to get some food?"

"Now, Rocco," Sister Louise said, smiling but uneasy. "Now, you be careful. I've brought Father Regan in to see you."

Father Regan crossed the room to the bed. His eyes were blue and his white hair was brushed over the top of his bald head. He said, "Good afternoon, my boy. I'm delighted to see you."

Rocco said, "I've been here for weeks."

"Rocco!" Sister Louise said.

Father Regan held up his hand to her. "My dear Sister, don't worry. I know the type." To Rocco he said, "As a matter of fact, I understood that you weren't particularly interested in seeing me. You're not even a Catholic, are you?"

Rocco waited a moment, gauging the risk of what he was about to say. "Oh, Christ, no," he said deliberately. "None of that stuff for me." He saw with satisfaction that he had succeeded in making Father Regan lose his temper.

"Well, Sister," Father Regan began, "I can tell that you've been having a splendid effect on this young man! And you expect me to prepare him for baptism! Even if he were dying, I should hesitate to do so."

At the word "dying," Rocco felt a fresh wave of fear rising within him, but he kept his eyes on Sister Louise's crucifix. He said, "I'm not asking for a damn thing from you, so go on, get out of here!"

"Even if he were dying," Father Regan repeated heavily, and walked from the room.

IT seemed a long time before Sister Louise whispered, "Oh, Rocco, Rocco!"

Rocco reached out to take her hand, but she held herself away from him. Rocco said, "I—didn't like what he said about you."

"It didn't matter. It didn't matter to me."

"About your soul," Rocco said, with childish precision. "Nobody's got a right to talk like that about your soul."

"Rocco, I didn't care." Sister Louise fumbled for the watch which hung on a cord around her neck. She kept her eyes on the watch. "It's late," she said. "The Mother Superior will think I've been kidnapped."

"You sore?"

Firmly, like a housewife setting tardily about her business, Sister Louise said, "Why, the afternoon's half over! The first thing you know, it will be getting dark."

"At me, I mean? You sore at me?"

Sister Louise turned toward the door. It was plain to Rocco that she would not answer his question, that she would go away without forgiving him. He raised himself painfully on one elbow and touched her habit. "*You* do it," Rocco said. "The hell with him."

Sister Louise glanced from Rocco to the bottle of holy water on the table beside the bed. "I couldn't," she said. "It would be a sin."

"I thought you figured it was a sin not to be baptized," Rocco said.

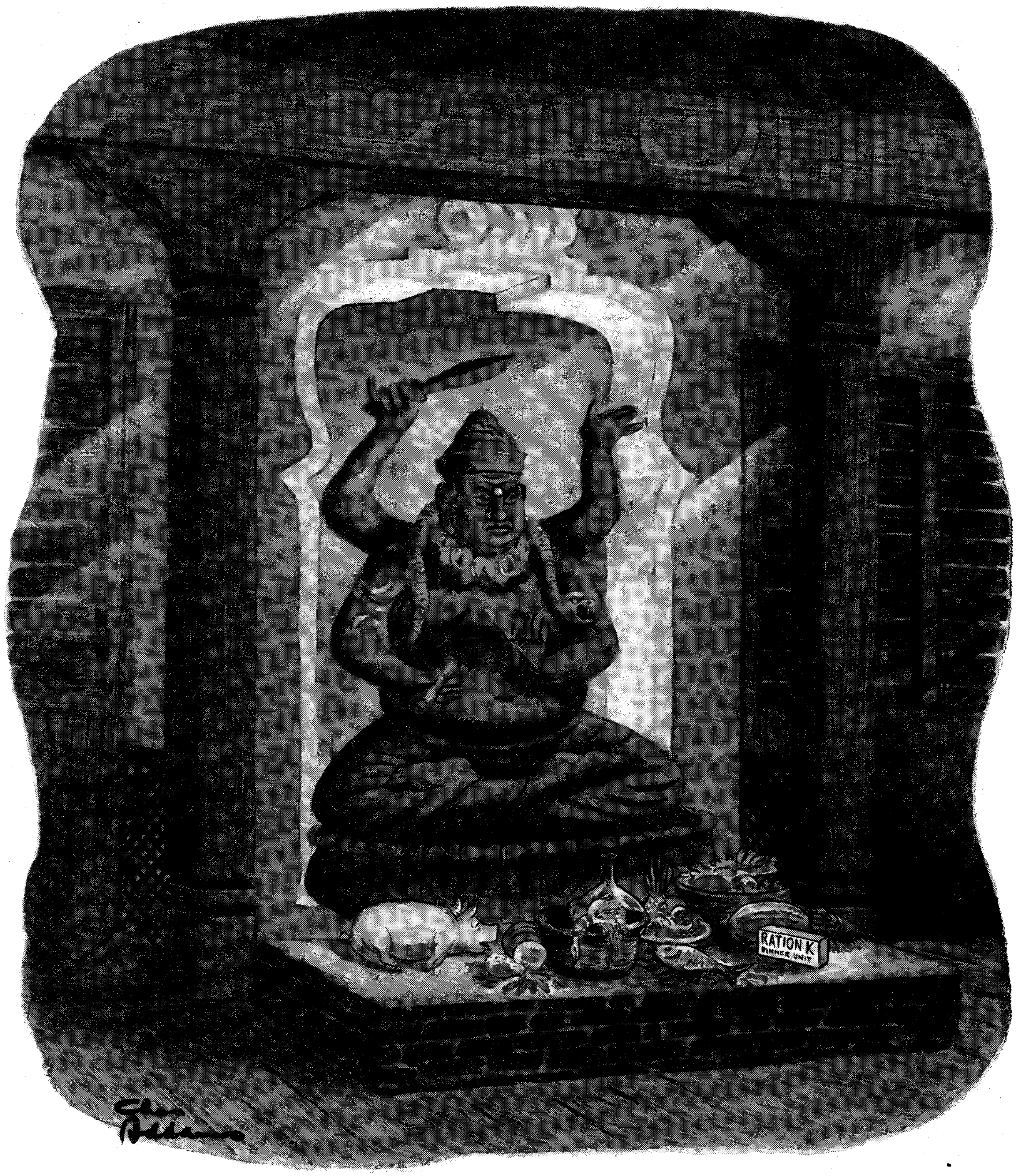
"Yes, but if you didn't want to be baptized, I'd be"—Sister Louise hesitated—"I'd be exposing the sacrament to nullity. And that's a sin." She put out her hand toward the holy-water bottle. "If you wanted it, if you really wanted it—"

Rocco said, "Oh, Chri—oh, hell, I said I wanted it, didn't I?"

"You're sure?"

"Look," Rocco said. "I'll cross my heart. I'll stand on my head. Anything you say."

Sister Louise took him lightly by the shoulders and laid him back against the bed. His burns ached from the change of position, but he smiled. He thought of his father, the tough little dandy, and of Father Regan, with his carefully brushed white hair and tired voice. Then it occurred to him that he probably wasn't going to die for a long time and that he wouldn't have to be afraid again for a long time. When



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Sister Louise said, "What are you grinning about?," Rocco said, "By God, I feel like climbing right out of this bed."

Sister Louise pursed her lips as she picked up the holy water. "You mustn't swear," she said. "Remember? And you mustn't laugh when I baptize you. It's only the short form of baptism, but it'll do till you get the regular one. It isn't supposed to be funny."

"I can't help it," Rocco said, still grinning. "I feel so good." He closed his eyes. After a moment he heard Sister Louise say, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." A few drops of water fell in his tangled hair, then on his forehead, and Rocco thought, it's cold, that water's cold, but he was careful not to interrupt Sister Louise. He didn't want to hurt her feelings any more.

—BRENDAN GILL

PROFILES

QUEST FOR MOLLIE—II

THE first and only time I saw Mollie, he was lying dead beside a dusty road in northern Tunisia. That was in April, 1943. The road was La Piste Forestière, or the Foresters' Track, which ran from Cap Serrat twenty miles inland to the town of Sedjenane. Back in the spring of 1943, when the Allies were fighting their last big offensive in North Africa, this wretched little dirt road was an important supply route.

I had been riding along the Foresters' Track in a jeep with Hal Boyle, a fellow-correspondent, who worked for the Associated Press, when I saw Mollie's body. We had got out of the jeep to watch four wounded men of the Sixtieth Infantry of the Ninth Division being loaded into an ambulance. A group of soldiers were standing around, also watching. Nearby lay Mollie, a private in the Sixtieth Infantry. A blanket covered his face, so I surmised that it had been shattered, but there was no blood on the ground, so I judged that he had been killed in the brush and carried down to the road to await transport. A big, wild-looking sergeant was standing alongside him—a hawk-nosed, red-necked man with a couple of front teeth missing—and I asked him if the dead man had been in the patrol with the four wounded ones. "Jeez, no!" the sergeant said, looking at me as if I ought to know about the man with the blanket over his face. "That's Mollie. Comrade Molotov. The Mayor of Broadway. Didn't you ever hear of him? Jeez, Mac, he once captured six hundred Eyetalians by himself and brought them all back along with him. Sniper got him, I guess. I don't know, because he went out with the French, and he was found dead up there in the hills. He always liked to do crazy things—go off by himself with a pair of big field glasses he had and watch the enemy put in minefields, or take off and be an artillery spotter for a while, or drive a tank. From the minute he seen those frogs, he was bound to go off with them."

"Was his name really Molotov?" I asked.

"No," said the sergeant, "he just called himself that. The boys mostly shortened it to Mollie. I don't even know what his real name was—Warren, I think. Carl Warren. He used to say he was a Broadway big shot. 'Just ask anybody around Forty-fourth Street,' he used to say. 'They all know me.' Me, I'm from White Plains—I never heard of him before he joined up."

"I had him with me on a patrol that was to contact the French when the regiment was moving into this zone last Thursday," a stocky blond corporal said. "The first French patrol we met, Mollie says to me, 'This is too far back for me. I'm going up in the hills with these frogs and get me some Lugers.' He was always collecting things he captured off Germans and Italians, but the one thing he didn't have yet was a Luger. I knew if I didn't let him go he would take off anyway and get into more trouble with the C.O. He was always in trouble. So I said, 'All right, but the frogs got to give me a receipt for you, so I can prove you didn't go A.W.O.L.' One of the soldiers with me could speak French, so he explained it and the frog noncom give me a receipt on a piece of toilet paper and Mollie went off with them." The corporal fished in one of the pockets of his field jacket and brought out a sheet of tissue. On it, the French noncom had written, in pencil, "*Pris avec moi le soldat américain Molotov, 23 avril, '43, Namin, caporal chef.*"

"Mollie couldn't speak French," the American corporal went on, "but he always got on good with the frogs. It's funny where those big field glasses went, though. He used to always have them around his neck, but somebody must have figured they were no more good to him after he was dead, so they sucked them up. He used to always say that he was a big-shot gambler and that he used to watch the horse races with those glasses."

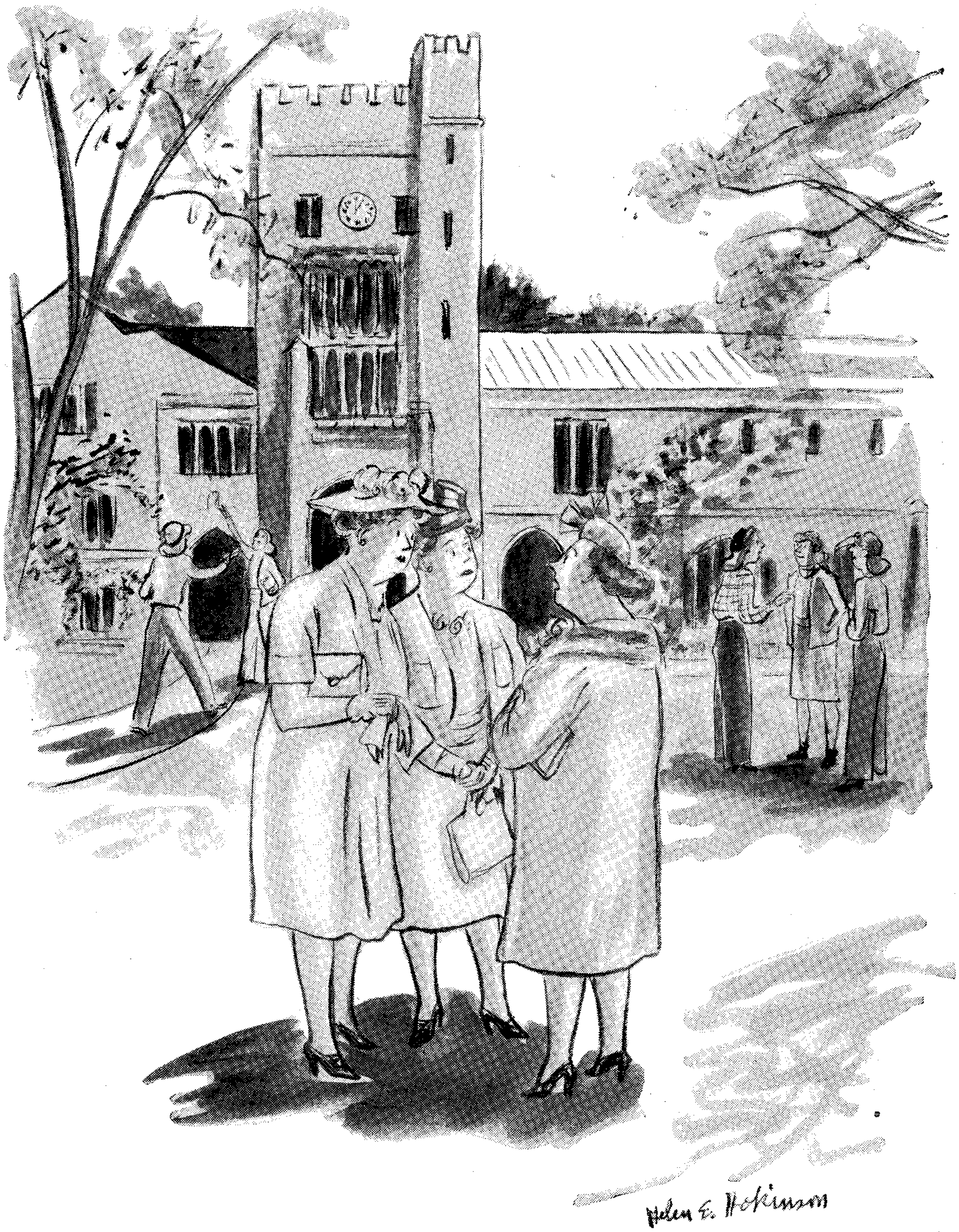
By now the four wounded men had been loaded into the ambulance. It moved off. Obviously, there was a good story in Mollie, but he was not available for an interview. The driver of the truck behind our jeep was giving us the horn, so I pulled Boyle toward the jeep. He got in, still looking back at Mollie, who said nothing to keep him, and we drove away. When we had gone a little way, at our customary slow pace, a tall lieutenant signalled to us from the roadside that he wanted a hitch and we stopped and indicated that he should hop aboard. He told us his name was Carl Ruff. He was from New York and thought I might know his wife, an advertising woman, but I didn't. Ruff was dog-tired from scrambling through the bush. I said something about Mollie, and Ruff said that he had not known him alive but had been the first American to see his body, on Good Friday morning. The French had led him to it. "He was on the slope of a hill," Ruff said, "and slugs from an automatic rifle had hit him in the right eye and chest. He must have been working his way up the hill, crouching, when the German opened on him and hit him in the chest, and then as he fell, the other bullet probably got him in the eye. He couldn't have lived a minute."

IT was a month later, aboard the United States War Shipping Administration steamer Monterey, a luxury liner that had been converted to war service without any needless suppression of comfort, that I next heard of Molotov, the Mayor of Broadway. The Monterey was on her way from Casablanca to New York. On the passenger list were four correspondents besides myself, a thousand German prisoners, five hundred wounded Americans, all of whom would need long hospitalization, and a couple of hundred officers and men who were being transferred or were on various errands. It was one of the advantages of being a correspondent that one could go to America without being a German or wounded, or without being phenomenally lucky, which the unwounded soldiers on our boat considered that they were. The crossing had almost a holiday atmosphere. We were homeward bound after a great victory in the North African campaign, the first the Allies had scored over Germany in a war nearly four years old. The weather was perfect and the Monterey, which was not overcrowded and had wide decks and comfortable lounges, had the aspect and feeling of a cruise ship. The wounded were glad, in their sad way, to be going home. The prisoners were in good spirits, too; they seemed to regard the journey as a Nazi Strength through Joy excursion. They organized vaudeville shows, boxing matches, and art exhibitions, with the energetic coöperation of the ship's chaplain, who found much to admire in the Christian cheerfulness with which they endured their increased rations. A couple of anti-Nazi prisoners had announced themselves on the first day out, but the German noncoms had knocked them about and set them to cleaning latrines, so order had soon been restored. "That's an army where they really have some discipline!" one of the American officers on board told me enviously. The prisoners had to put up with some hardships, of course. They complained one evening when ice cream was served to the wounded but not to them, and another time they didn't think the transport surgeon, a Jew, was "sympathetic" enough to a German officer with a stomach ache.

The hospital orderlies would wheel the legless wounded out on the promenade deck in wheelchairs to see the German boxing bouts, and the other wounded would follow them, some swinging along on crutches or hopping on one foot, some with their arms in slings or casts, some with their broken necks held stiffly in casts and harnesses. They had mixed reactions to the bouts. An arm case named Sanderson, a private who wore the Ninth Division shoulder patch, told me one day that he wished he could be turned loose on the prisoners with a tommygun, because he didn't like to see them jumping about in front of his legless pals. Another arm case, named Shapiro, from the same division, always got a lot of amusement out of the show. Shapiro was a rugged-looking boy from the Brownsville part of Brooklyn. He explained how he felt one day after two Afrika Korps heavyweights had gone through a couple of rounds of grunting, posturing, and slapping. "Every time I see them box, I know we can't lose the war," he said. "The Master Race—phooey! Any kid off the street could of took the both of them."

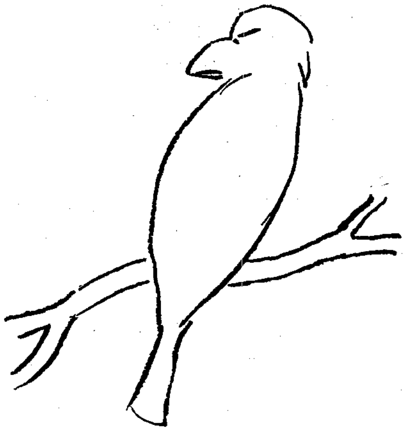
Shapiro and Sanderson, I learned during one ringside conversation with them, had both been in the Sixtieth Infantry, Molotov's old regiment. They had been wounded in the fighting around Maknassy, in southern Tunisia, early in April, the first serious action the regiment had been in. Molotov had been killed late in April, during the drive on Bizerte, and until I told them, the boys hadn't heard he was dead. I asked them if they had known him.

"How could you help it?" Shapiro said. "There will never be anybody in the division as well known as him. In the first place, you couldn't help noticing him on account of his clothes. He looked like a soldier out of some other army, always wearing them twenty-dollar


Helen E. Hokinson

"But if you married a man named Kimball the year you got out of college, what on earth *did you do with Herbert Lundquist?"*

OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY



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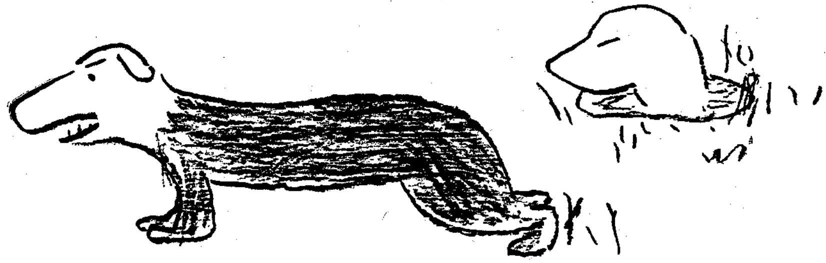
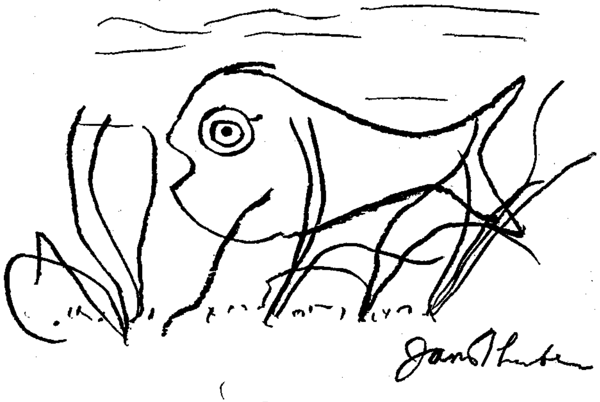


The White-faced Rage (left) and the Blind Rage



The Dudgeon

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green tailor-made officers' shirts and sometimes riding boots, with a French berrit with a long rooster feather that he got off an Italian prisoner's hat, and a long black-and-red cape that he got off another prisoner for a can of C ration."

"And the officers let him get away with it?" I asked.

"Not in the rear areas, they didn't," Shapiro said. "But in combat, Mollie was an asset. Major Kauffman, his battalion commander, knew it, so he would kind of go along with him. But he would never have him made even a pfc. Mollie couldn't of stood the responsibility. He was the greatest natural-born foul-up in the Army," Shapiro added reverently. "He was court-martialled twenty or thirty times, but the Major always got him out of it. He had the biggest blanket roll in the Ninth Division, with a wall tent inside it and some Arabian carpets and bronze lamps and a folding washstand and about five changes of uniform, none of them regulation, and he would always manage to get it on a truck when we moved. When he pitched his tent, it looked like a concession at Coney Island. I was with him when he got his first issue of clothing at Camp Dix in 1941. 'I've threw better stuff than this away,' he said. He never liked to wear issue. He was up for court-martial for deserting his post when he was on guard duty at Fort Bragg, but the regiment sailed for Morocco before they could try him, and he did so good in the landing at Port Lyautey that they kind of forgave him. Then he went over the hill again when he was guarding a dock at Oran in the winter, but they moved us up into the combat zone before they could try him then, so he beat that rap, too. He was a very lucky fellow. I can hardly think of him being dead."

"Well, what was so good about him?" I asked.

Sanderson, who was a thin, sharp-faced boy from Michigan, answered me with the embarrassed frankness of a modern mother explaining the facts of life to her offspring. "Sir," he said, "it may not sound nice to say it, and I do not want to knock anyone, but in battle almost everybody is frightened, especially the first couple of times. Once in a while you find a fellow who isn't frightened at all. He goes forward and the other fellows go along with him. So he is very important. Probably he is a popoff, and he kids the other guys, and they all feel better. Mostly those quiet, determined fellows crack up before the popoffs. Mollie was the biggest popoff and the biggest screwball and the biggest foul-up I ever saw, and he wasn't afraid of nothing. Some fellows get brave with experience, I guess, but Mollie never had any fear to begin with. Like one time on the road to Maknassy, the battalion was trying to take some hills and we were getting no place. They were just Italians in front of us, but they had plenty of stuff and they were in cover and we were in the open. Mollie stands right up, wearing the cape and the berrit with the feather, and he says, 'I bet those Italians would surrender if somebody asked them to. What the hell do they want to fight for?' he says. So he walks across the minefield and up the hill to the Italians, waving his arms and making funny motions, and they shoot at him for a while and then stop, thinking he is crazy. He goes up there yelling '*Veni qua!*,' which he says afterward is New York Italian for 'Come here!,' and '*Feeneesh la guerre!*,' which is French, and when he gets to the Italians he finds a soldier who was a barber in Astoria but went home on a visit and got drafted in the Italian Army, so the barber translates for him and the Italians say sure, they would like to surrender, and Mollie comes back to the lines with five hundred and sixty-eight prisoners. He had about ten Italian automatics strapped to his belt and fifteen field glasses hung over his shoulders. So instead of being stopped, we took the position and cleaned up on the enemy. That was good for the morale of the battalion. The next time we got in a fight, we said to ourselves, 'Those guys are just looking for an easy out,' so we got up and chased them the hell away from there. A disciplined soldier would never have did what Mollie done. He was a very unusual guy. He gave the battalion confidence and the battalion gave the regiment confidence, because the other battalions said, 'If the Second can take all those prisoners, we can, too.' And the Thirty-ninth and the Forty-seventh Regiments probably said to themselves, 'If the Sixtieth is winning all them fights, we can also.' So you might say that Mollie made the whole division." I found out afterward that Sanderson had oversimplified the story, but it was essentially true and the tradition endures in the Ninth Division.

"What kind of a looking fellow was Mollie?" I asked.

"He was a good-looking kid," Shapiro said. "Medium-sized, around a hundred and sixty pounds, with long, curly blond hair. They could almost never get him to have his hair cut. Once, when it got too bad, Major Kauffman took him by the hand and said, 'Come along with me. We'll get a haircut together.' So he sat him down and held onto him while the G.I. barber cut both their hair. And everything he wore had to be sharp. I remember that after the French surrendered to us at Port Lyautey, a lot of French officers gave a party and invited a couple of officers from the battalion to it, and when the officers got there they found Mollie was there, and the Frenchmen were all bowing to him and saluting him. He was dressed so sharp they thought he was an officer, too—maybe a colonel."

Another boy, a badly wounded one in a wheelchair, heard us talking about Mollie and rolled his chair over to us. "It was the field glasses I'll always remember," he said. "From the first day we landed on the beach in Morocco, Mollie had those glasses. He told some fellows once he captured them from a French general, but he told some others he brought them all the way from New York. He told them he used to watch horse races with the glasses; he was fit to be tied when he got to Morocco and found there was no scratch sheets. 'Ain't there no way to telegraph a bet on a race?' he said, and then he let out a howl. 'Vot a schvindle!' That was his favorite saying—'Vot a schvindle!' He was always bitching about something. He used to go out scouting with the glasses, all alone, and find the enemy and tip Major Kauffman off where they were. He had a lot of curiosity. He always had plenty of money, but he would never tell where he got it from. He just let people understand he was a big shot—maybe in some racket. When we was down at Fort Bragg, he and another fellow, a sergeant, had a big Buick that he kept outside the camp, and they used to go riding all around the country. They used to get some swell stuff."

"He never shot crap for less than fifty dollars a roll when he had the dice," Shapiro said, "and he never slept with any woman under an actress." The way Shapiro said it, it was as if he had said, "He never saluted anybody under the rank of brigadier general."

DURING the rest of the voyage, I heard more about Mollie. I found nobody who was sure of his real name, but the majority opinion was that it was something like Carl Warren. "But he wasn't American stock or Irish," Sanderson said one day in a group discussion. "He seemed to me more German-American." Another boy in the conversation said that Mollie had told him he was of Russian descent. Sanderson was sure that Molotov wasn't Russian. "Somebody just called him that because he was a radical, I guess," he said. "He was always hollering he was framed." "He used to have a big map of the eastern front in his tent in Morocco," another soldier said, "and every time the Russians advanced he would mark it with pins and holler, 'Hey, Comrade, howdya like that!'" One boy remembered that Mollie had won fifteen hundred dollars in a crap game at Fort Bragg. "He had it for about three days," he said, "and then lost it to a civilian. When he got cleaned in a game, he would never borrow a buck to play on with. He would just leave. Then the next time he played, he would have a new roll. Right after we landed in Morocco, he was awful flush, even for him, and he told a couple of guys he'd climbed over the wall of an old fort the French had just surrendered and there, in some office, he found a briefcase with fifty thousand francs in it. The next thing he done was hire twelve Arabs to cook and clean and wash dishes for him."

"I was inducted the same time with him, at Grand Central Palace," an armless youngster said, "and him and me and the bunch was marched down to Penn Station to take the train. That was way back in January, 1941," he added, as if referring to a prehistoric event. "He was wearing a blue double-breasted jacket and a dark-blue sport shirt open at the neck and gray flannel trousers and a camel's-hair overcoat. They took us into a restaurant on Thirty-fourth Street to buy us a feed and Mollie started buying beers for the whole crowd. 'Come on, Comrades,' he says. 'Plenty more where this comes from.' Then he led the singing on the train all the way down to Dix. But as soon as he got down there and they took all his fancy clothes away from him, he was licked. 'Vot a schvindle!' he says. He drew K.P. a lot at Dix, but he always paid some other guy to do it for him. The only thing he could ever do good outside of combat was D.R.O.—that's dining-room orderly at the officers' mess. I've seen him carry three stacks of dishes on each arm."

When I told them how Mollie had been killed, Shapiro said that that was just what you'd have expected of Mollie. "He never liked to stay with his own unit," he said. "You could hardly even tell what battalion he was in."

I WAS not to see the Army's official version of what Mollie had done in the fight against the six hundred Italians until last summer, when I caught up with the Second Battalion of the Sixtieth Infantry near Marigny, in Normandy. Mollie's protector, Major Michael S. Kauffman, by then a lieutenant colonel, was still commanding officer. "Mollie didn't capture the lot by himself," Kauffman said, "but he was instrumental in getting them, and there were about six hundred of them all right. The battalion S-2 got out a mimeographed training pamphlet about that fight, because there were some points in it that we thought instructive. I'll get you a copy." The pamphlet he gave me bears the slightly ambitious title "The Battle of Sened, 23 March, '43, G Co. 60th Infantry Dawn Attack on Sened, Tunisia." The Sened of the title was the village of Sened, in the high *djebel* a couple of miles south of the Sened railroad station. It was country I remembered well: a bare plain with occasional bunch grass, with naked red-rock hills rising above it. The Americans had fought there several times; I had seen the taking of the railroad station by another regiment at the beginning of February, 1943, and it had been lost and retaken between then and March 23rd.

On the first page of the pamphlet

there was a map showing the Italian position, on two hills separated by a narrow gorge, and the jump-off position of the Americans, two much smaller hills a couple of miles to the north. Then there was a list of "combat lessons to be learned," some of which were: "A small aggressive force can knock out a large group by determined action," "Individuals, soldiers with initiative, aggressiveness, and courage, can influence a large battle," and "Confusion is normal in combat." I have often since thought that this last one would make a fine title for a book on war. The pamphlet told how an Italian force estimated at from thirty men to three thousand, according to the various persons interviewed in advance of the fight by S-2 ("Question civilians," the pamphlet said. "Don't rely on one estimate of enemy strength. Weigh all information in the light of its source."), had taken refuge in the village of Sened. G Company, about a hundred and fifty men, had been ordered to clean out the Italians. It had artillery support from some guns of the First Armored Division; in fact, a Lieutenant Colonel MacPherson, an artillery battalion commander, was actually the senior American officer in the action. This colonel, acting as his own forward observer, had looked over the situation and at four in the afternoon of March 22nd had ordered the first platoon of the company to attack. It was soon apparent, judging by the defenders' fire, that the lowest estimate of the enemy's strength was very wrong and that there were at least several hundred Italians on the two hills. Then, in the words of the pamphlet, "Private Molotov"—even his officers had long since forgotten his civilian name—"crawls to enemy position with Pfc. De Marco (both are volunteers) and arranges surrender conference. C. O. refuses to surrender and fire fight continues. Individual enemy riflemen begin to throw down their arms. First platoon returns to Sened Station at dark with 147 prisoners, including 3 officers."

"De Marco was a friend of Molotov's," Colonel Kauffman told me. "It was Mollie's idea to go up to the enemy position, and De Marco did the talking. It must have been pretty effective, because all those Italians came back with them."

"G Company," the pamphlet continued, "attacks again at dawn, first and third platoons attacking. Entrance to town is deep narrow gorge between two long ridges. Town lies in continuation of gorge, surrounded on all sides by 1,000-2,000 foot *djebels* as shown in sketch. (Possible enemy escape route was used by Ancient Romans as park for wild animals used in gladiatorial matches.) Approach to gorge entrance is terraced and well concealed by a large olive-tree grove; five (5) or six (6) field pieces in grove have been knocked out by previous day's artillery fire."

Although the pamphlet didn't say so, the olive groves had once covered all the plain. That plain is now given over to bunch grass, but it was carefully irrigated in the days of the Roman Empire. The "wild animals used in gladiatorial matches" were for the arena at the splendid stone city of Capsa, now the sprawling, dried-mud Arab town of Gafsa, fifteen miles from Sened.

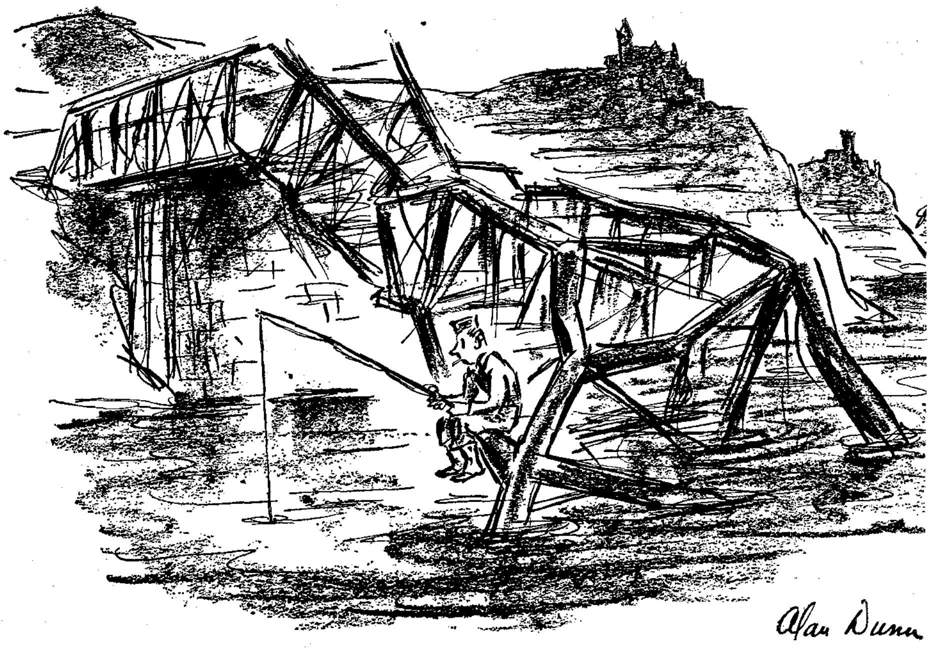
"Company attacks as shown on sketch," the pamphlet continued, "third platoon making steep rocky climb around right, first platoon (Molotov's) around left. Light machine guns and mortars follow close behind by bounds, grenadiers move well to front with mission of flushing enemy out of numerous caves where he has taken up defensive positions. Left platoon, commanded by Sergeant Vernon Mugerditchian, moves slowly over ground devoid of concealment, and finally comes to rest. Molotov goes out alone, keeping abreast of faster moving platoon on right, and assists Lt. Col. MacPherson in artillery direction by shouting."

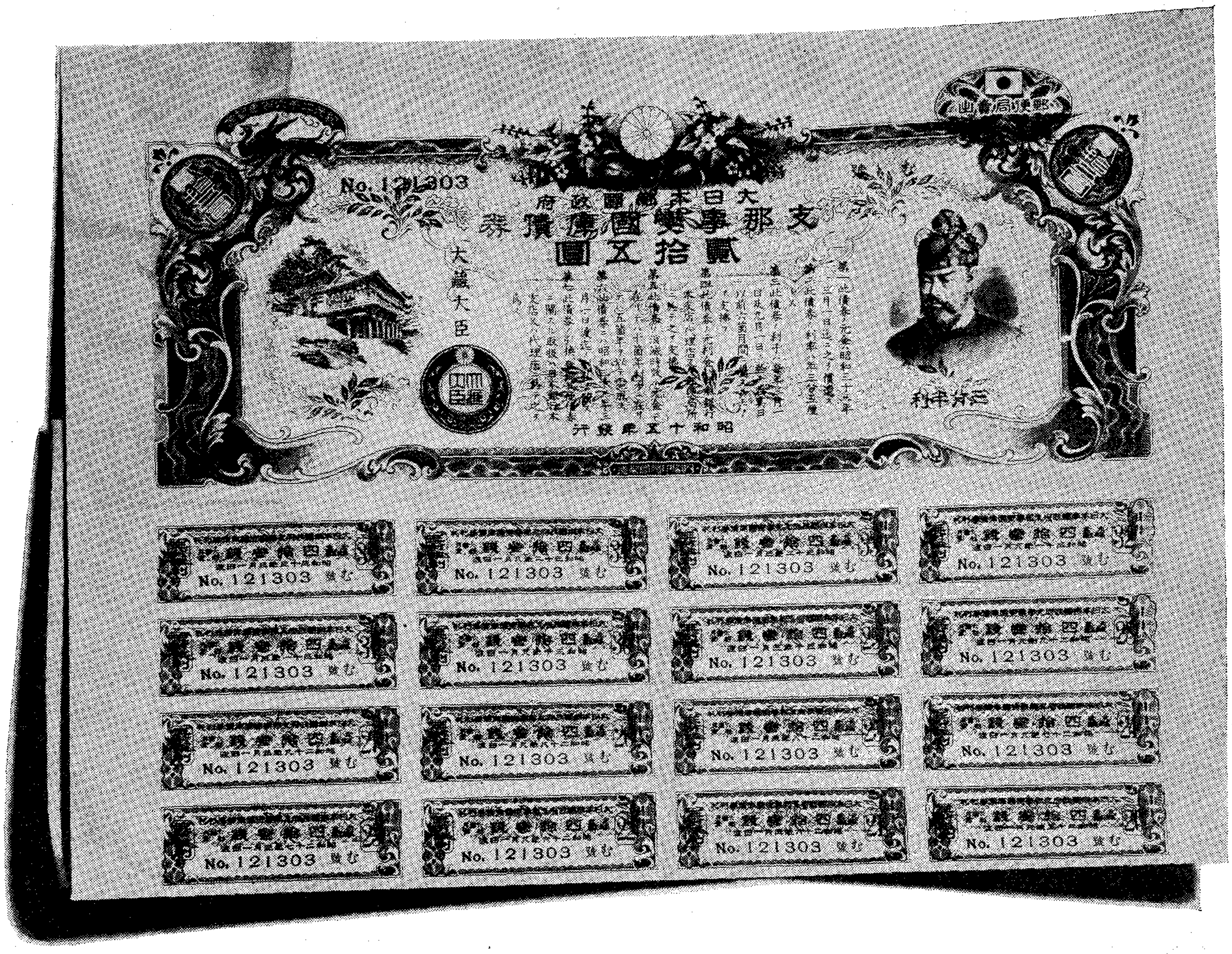
The combined artillery and infantry fire made the Italians quit. The pamphlet says, in closing, "Italian captain leads column of prisoners out of hills, bringing total of 537 (including officers). Total booty includes 2 large trucks, 3 small trucks, several personnel carrier motorcycles, 200 pistols, machine guns, rifles, and ammunition."

"Mollie liked to go out ahead and feel he was running the show," Colonel Kauffman said. "We put him in for a D.S.C. for what he did, but it was turned down. Then we put in for a Silver Star, and that was granted, but he was killed before he ever heard about it. He was a terrible soldier. He and another fellow were to be tried by a general court-martial for quitting their guard posts on the docks at Oran, but we had to go into action before court could be held. The other fellow had his court after the end of the campaign and got five years."

The officers of the battalion, and those at division headquarters, knew that I was going to write a story about Mollie sometime. Whenever I would encounter one of them, in a country tavern or at a corps or Army headquarters, or on a dusty road behind the lines, during our final campaign before Germany's surrender, he would ask me when I was going to "do Mollie." I am doing him now.

EVEN after I had been back in the States for a while that summer of 1943, I had an intermittent interest in Mollie, although La Piste Forestière assumed a curious unreality after I had been living on lower Fifth Avenue a couple of weeks. I asked a fellow I knew at the *Times* to check back through the casualty lists and see if the death of a soldier with a name like "Carl Warren" had been reported, since I knew the lists gave the addresses of the next of kin and I thought I might be able to find out more about Mollie. The





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You have more money than he does. But he can live on a lot less than you do. He eats only a few ounces of rice a day. He wears wooden sandals and patched clothes. He's patient, patriotic, disciplined by years of "thought control." He's as tough and determined as his fighting men who have to be dug out of the ground with grenades and flame-throwers.

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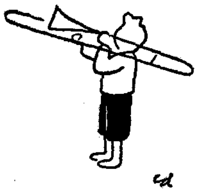
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Times man found out that there hadn't been any such name but that there was often a long interval between casualties and publication. I took to turning mechanically to the new lists as they came out and looking through the "W"s. One day I saw listed, among the Army dead, "Karl C. Warner, sister Mrs. Ulidjak, 230 E. Eightieth Street, Manhattan." The juxtaposition of "a name like Warren" with one that I took to be Russian or Ukrainian made me suspect that Warner was Molotov, and it turned out that I was right.



A couple of days later, I went uptown to look for Mrs. Ulidjak. No. 230 is between Second and Third Avenues, in a block overshadowed by the great, brute mass of the Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Company's building at the corner of Eightieth. Along the block there were a crumbling, red-brick elementary school of the type Fusion administrations like to keep going so that they can hold the tax rate down, a yellowish, old-fashioned Baptist church, some boys playing ball in the street, and a banner, bearing a number of service stars, hung on a line stretched across the street. As yet, it had no gold stars. No. 230 is what is still called a "new-law tenement," although the law governing this type of construction is fifty years old: a six-story walkup with the apartments built around air shafts. Ulidjak was one of the names on the mailboxes in the vestibule. I pushed the button beside it, and in a minute there was an answering buzz and I walked upstairs. A thin, pale woman with a long, bony face and straight blond hair pulled back into a bun came to the apartment door. She looked under thirty and wore silver-rimmed spectacles. This was Mrs. Ulidjak, Private Warner's sister. Her husband is in the Merchant Marine. She didn't seem startled when I said I was a correspondent; every American expects to be interviewed by a reporter sometime. Mrs. Ulidjak had been notified of her brother's death by the War Department over a week before, but she had no idea how it had happened or where. She said he had been in the Sixtieth Infantry, all right, so I was sure Warner had been Mollie. "Was he fighting the Japs?" she asked me. When I told her no, she seemed slightly disappointed. "And you were there?" she asked. I said I had been. Then, apparently trying to visualize me in the context of war, she asked, "Did you wear a helmet, like Ernie Pyle? Gee, they must be heavy to wear. Did it hurt your head much?" When I had reassured her on this point, she led me into a small sitting room with a window opening on a dark air shaft. A young man and a young woman, who Mrs. Ulidjak said were neighbors, were in the room, but they went into the adjoining kitchen, apparently so that they would not feel obliged to look solemn.

"Was your name Warner, too, before you were married?" I asked Mrs. Ulidjak.

"No," she said, "Karl and I were named Petuskia—that's Russian—but he changed to Warner when he came to New York because he thought it sounded sweller. We were from a little place called Cokesburg, in western Pennsylvania. He hardly ever came up here. He had his own friends."

"Did he go to high school in Cokesburg?" I asked.

The idea amused Mrs. Ulidjak. "No, just grammar school," she said. "He was a pit boy in the coal mines until we came to New York. But he always liked to dress nice. You can ask any of the cops around the Mall in Central Park about him. Curly, they used to call him, or Blondy. He was quite a lady's man."

Then I asked her the question that had puzzled Mollie's Army friends: "What did he do for a living before he went into the Army?"

"He was a bartender down to Jimmy Kelly's, the night club in the Village," Mrs. Ulidjak said.

She then told me that her brother's Christian name really was Karl and that he was twenty-six when he was killed, although he had looked several years younger. Both parents are dead. The parents had never told her, as far as she could remember, what part of Russia they came from. When I said that Mollie had been a hero, she was pleased, and said he had always had an awful crust. She called the young neighbors, who seemed to be of Italian descent, back into the sitting room and made me repeat the story of how Mollie captured the six hundred Italians (I hadn't seen the official version of his exploit yet and naturally I gave him full credit in mine). "Six hundred wops!" Mrs. Ulidjak exclaimed gaily. She got a lot of fun out of Mollie's "big shot" stories, too. She showed me a large, expensive-looking photograph of him "addressing" a golf ball. He was wearing light-colored plus-fours, white stockings, and brogues with tassels, and there was a big, happy grin on his face that made it plain

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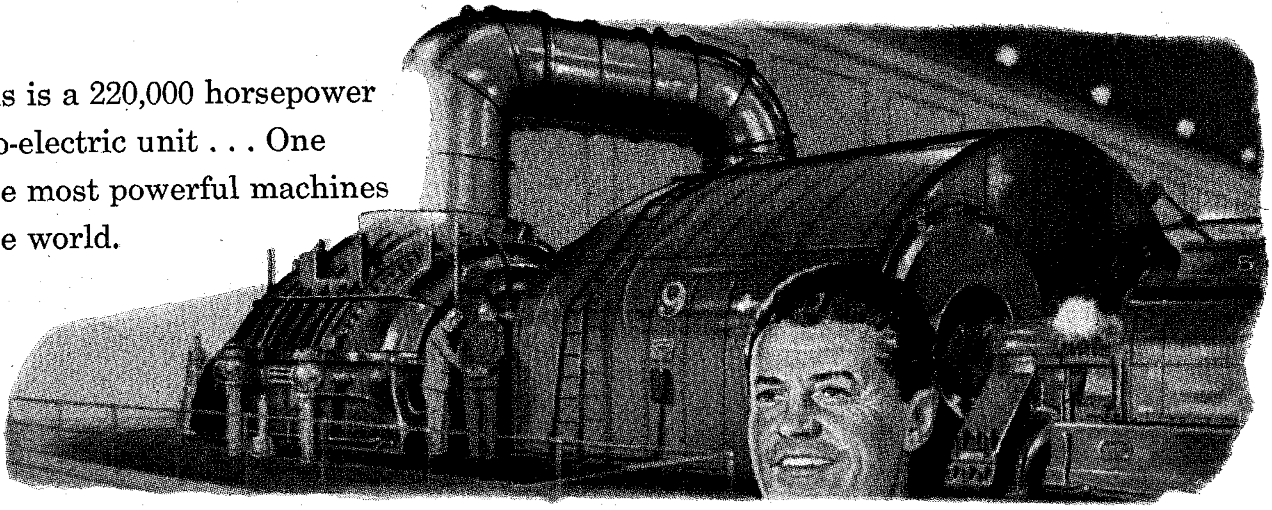

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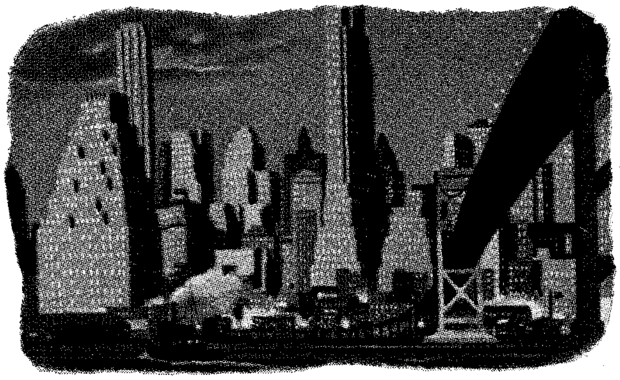

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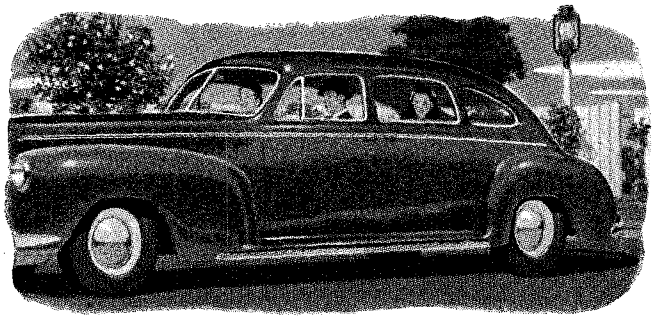

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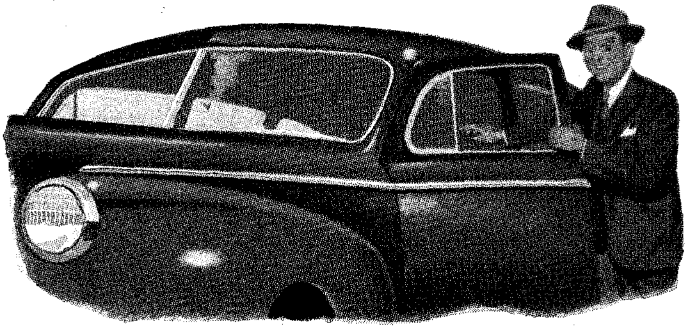

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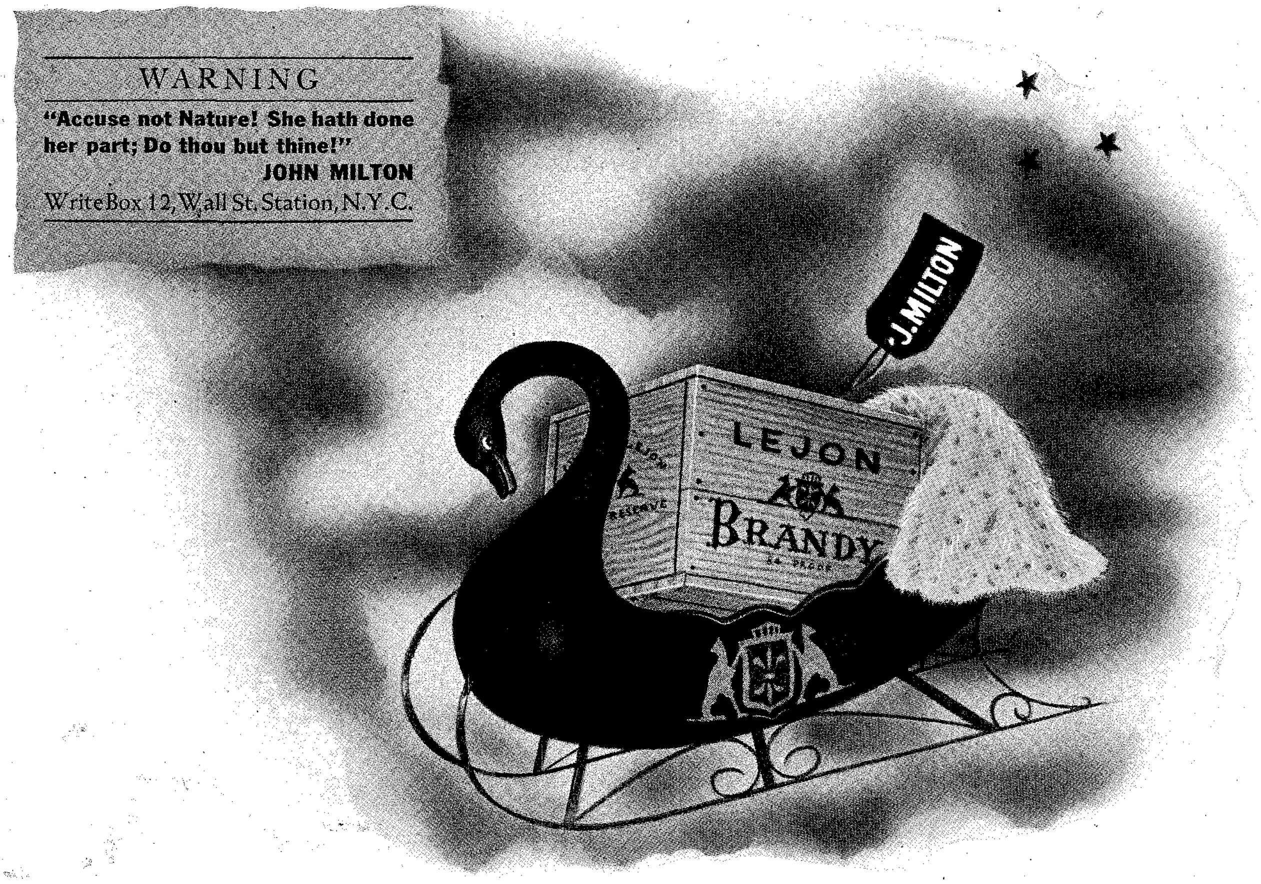

Dear Mr. Milton: Your warning published in the "Paradise Lost Gazette" has been sent to us by someone who evidently wishes to help you and who says, "For paradise regained, LEJON Brandy is what this fellow needs"••• Let us assure you, Mr. Milton, nature and our vintners have ever worked in perfect harmony to turn out a master blend—a brandy that makes its own enchantment real •••To that cold region where you find yourself, we are dispatching a sample tasting of LEJON Brandy. We are sure you'll feel that LEJON works well with nature and it is just possible it may help you regain that paradise you have lost.

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*For Brandy Connoisseurs: We have a booklet, "The Spirit of the Grape".**
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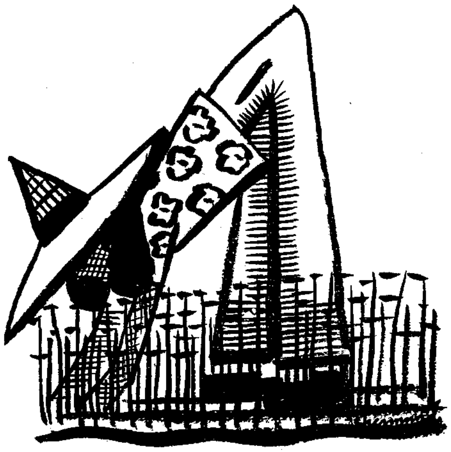
PRODUCED IN THE U. S. A. **© 1944* *84 PROOF* that he was not going to hit the ball but was just posing. He had a wide, plump face with high cheekbones and square white teeth, and the hair about which I had so often heard looked at least six inches long. "He had a room at 456 West Forty-fourth Street, and a little Jewish tailor down in that neighborhood made all those nice things for him special," she said admiringly. She had never heard him called Molotov.

I WENT over to West Forty-fourth Street a few days later. The 400 block, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, looks more depressing than the one the Ulidjaks live on. It is mostly shops dealing in the cheap merchandise that is used as premiums, and stores that sell waiters' supplies, and lodging houses favored by waiters and cooks. It was evident from the look of the house at No. 456 that though Mollie had spent a disproportionate share of his income on clothes, he had not wasted anything on his living quarters. No one at No. 456 remembered Mollie. The tenants and the janitor had all come there since his time. I couldn't find the little tailor. But on the north side of Forty-fourth Street, near Ninth Avenue, there is a building occupied by the Warner Brothers' Eastern offices, and I was sure that this had given Mollie the idea of calling himself Warner.

That evening I went down to Jimmy Kelly's, on Sullivan Street. Kelly's is the kind of club that never changes much but that you seldom remember anything specific about unless you have had a fight there. I had been there a few times before I had gone overseas, in 1941, but I couldn't even remember the bartender's face. Kelly's has a dance floor a little bigger than two tablecloths, and there is always a show with young, sometimes pretty girls imitating the specialties that more famous and experienced performers are doing at clubs uptown, and a master of ceremonies making cracks so old that they have been used in Hollywood musicals. The man behind the bar the night I showed up said he had been there several years and had known his predecessor, whose name was not Molotov. He had never heard of a bartender named Molotov or Warner or Mollie or Karl at Kelly's. After I had had a couple of Scotches and had told him the story, he said he wondered if the fellow I meant hadn't been a busboy. The description seemed to fit one who had worked there. "We all used to call this kid Curly," he said, "but Ray, the waiter who is the union delegate, might remember his real name."



Ray was a scholarly-looking man with a high, narrow forehead and shell-rimmed spectacles. "Curly's name *was* Karl C. Warner," he said after he had been told what I wanted to know. "I remember it from his union card. He was a man who would always stand up for his fellow-worker. Waiters and Waitresses Local No. 1 sent him down here in the summer of 1940 and he worked until late the next fall. He was outspoken but a hard worker and strong—he could carry three stacks of dishes on each arm. A busboy has a lot to do in a place like this when there is a rush on—clearing away dishes, setting up for new parties, bringing the waiters their orders—and a stupid boy can spoil the waiters' lives for them. We had another boy here at the same time, an Irish boy, who kidded Curly about the fancy clothes he wore, so they went down in the basement and fought for a couple of hours one afternoon. Nobody won the fight. They just fought until they were tired and then stopped. Curly had wide interests for a busboy," Ray continued. "When there was no rush on, he would sometimes stop by a customer's table, particularly if it was some man who looked important, and talk to him for ten minutes or so. The customers didn't seem to mind. He had a nice way about him. He had a kind of curiosity."

The Army stories about Mollie's wealth made Ray and the bartender laugh. "He used to come back here now and then during the first year he was in the Army," Ray said, "and always he would borrow ten or twenty dollars from one of us waiters. We would lend it to him because we liked him, without expecting to get it back." A busboy at Kelly's is paid only nominal wages, Ray told me—just about enough to cover his laundry bill—but the waiters chip in a percentage of their tips for the boys. "I guess Curly averaged about

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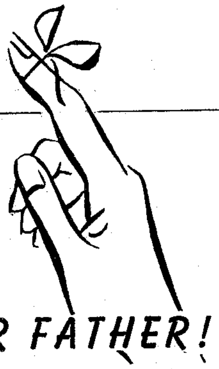

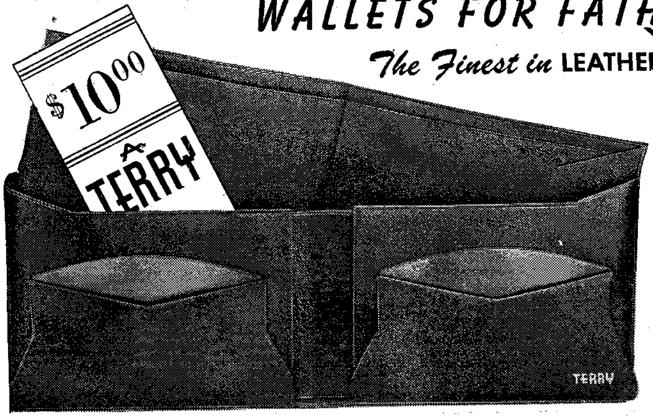

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forty a week here," he said. "If he was anxious to get extra money, he might have had a lunch job someplace else at the same time, but I never heard about it. A tailor like he had probably made those suits for about twenty-five per. What else did he have to spend money on? His night life was here. He used to tell us he had worked at El Morocco, but we used to say, 'What's the difference? Dirty dishes are the same all over.' "

At the union headquarters, which are on the twelfth floor of a loft building on West Fortieth Street, Mollie was also remembered. The serious, chunky young woman in the union secretary's office said, "Warner was always a dissident. He would speak up at every meeting and object to everything. But we all liked him. He stopped paying dues a few months before he went into the Army, but at Christmastime in 1941 he came back here and said he heard that union members in the services were getting a present from the local, so he wanted one, too. So we gave it to him, of course. The secretary will be interested to know he is dead."

The young woman called the secretary, a plump, olive-complexioned man, from his desk in an inner room and said to him, "You remember Karl Warner, the blond boy with curly hair? He has been killed in Africa. He was a hero."

"Is that so?" the secretary said. "Well, get a man to put up a gold paper star on the flag in the members' hall right away and draw up a notice to put on the bulletin board. He is the first member of Local No. 1 to die in this war."

I thought how pleased Mollie would have been at being restored to good standing in the union, without even having paid up his dues. Then I thought of how much fun he would have had on the Mall in Central Park, in the summertime, if he could only have gone up there with his Silver Star ribbon on, and a lot of enemy souvenirs. I also thought of how far La Piste Forestière was from the kitchen in Jimmy Kelly's.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

Even though it seems so, it isn't really such a hard job to make a dog swallow a capsule or pill. Simply open the jaws, place the capsule far back on the tongue, and push it down the throat with your sugapfm ?ulrh ET OA T THTHRH
—*Charleston* (*W. Va.*) *Daily Mail.*

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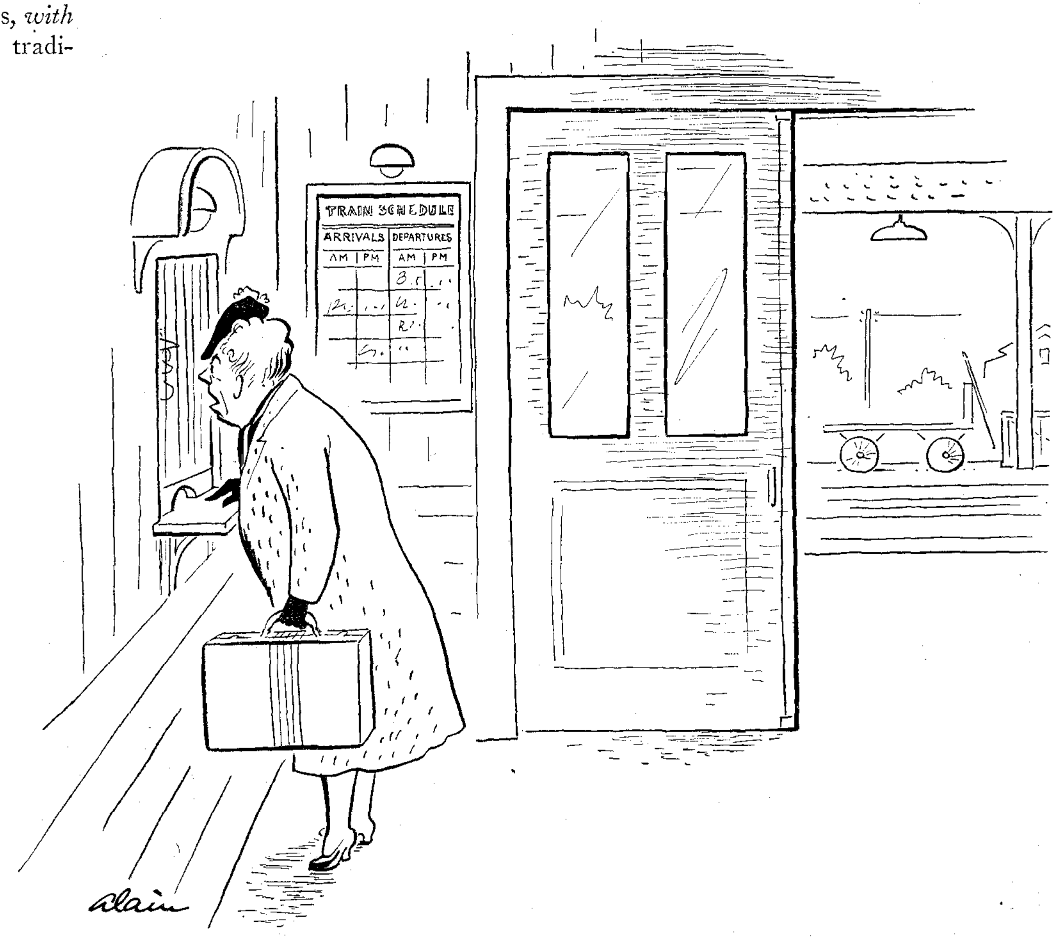
THE THEATRE

H. M. S. BOJANGLES

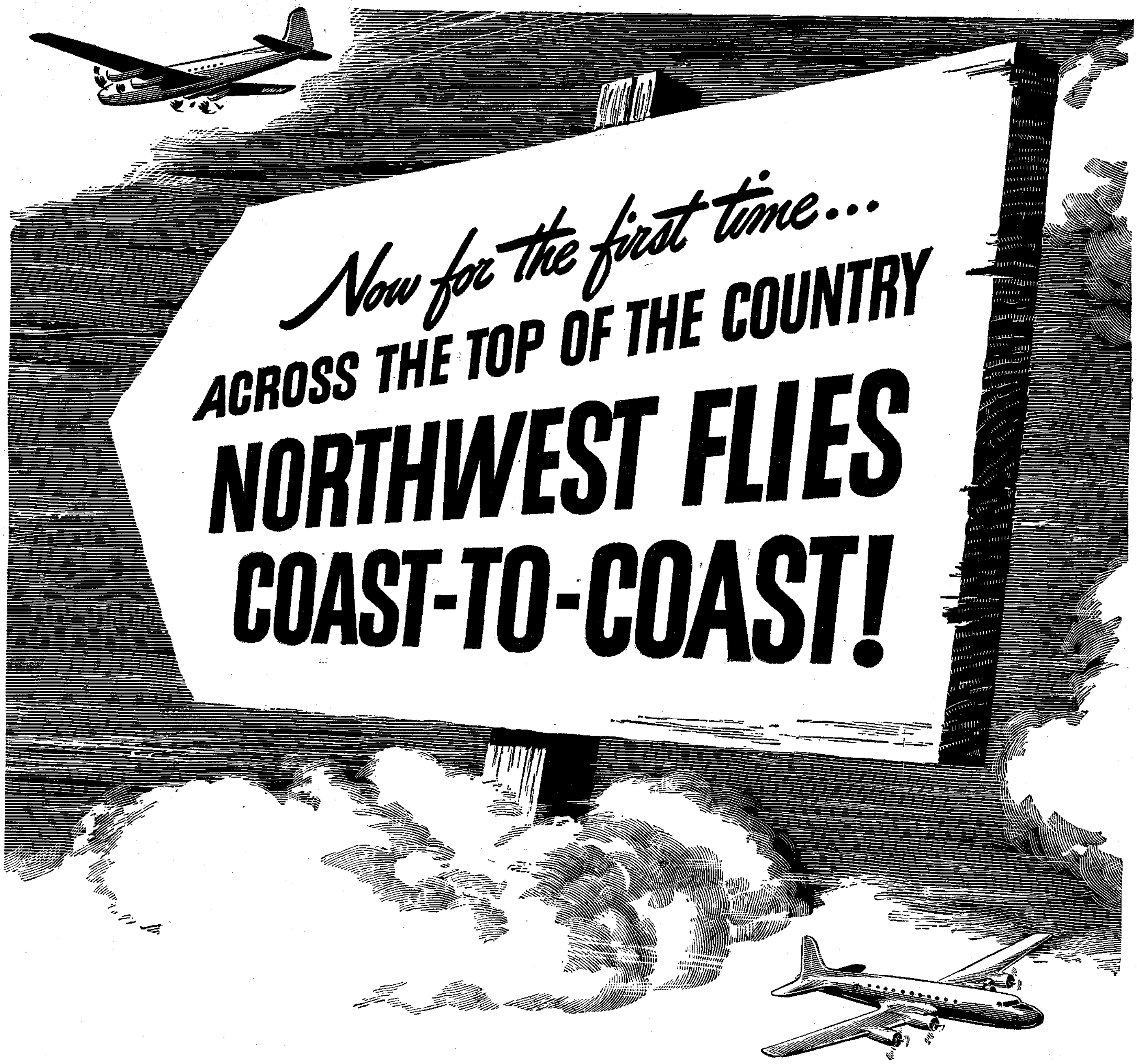
THE considerable sections of "Memphis Bound" that are devoted to assassinating "H. M. S. Pinafore" are funny, noisy, and pretty wonderful all around, and since the rest, while by no means on the same level, is still distinguished by the frequent appearances of Bill Robinson, I think the whole operation can safely be put down as a success. Colored renditions of Gilbert and Sullivan aren't, of course, anything new, but they are always good and conceivably in time may get to be the only form in which America can be persuaded to swallow the great Victorian operettas. It is hard to say just why these works lend themselves so perfectly to Negro talent, except that in a sense, by superimposing hardy burlesque on what was originally genteel satire, the humor takes on an extra dimension. Audiences at the Broadway Theatre these nights are actually laughing simultaneously at Bill Robinson and Queen Victoria, or better, perhaps, *with* the colored race *at* the stateliest traditions of British comedy as summed up through the years in the bound volumes of *Punch*. It is not only a fine double joke but also conducive to a very agreeable feeling of superiority in the beholder. The Queen, I'm afraid, would not be amused.

To get back to the subject under discussion, it may be that "Pinafore" isn't quite as happy a selection for the hotfoot as "The Mikado," since the plot and background lack that regal air which appeals so powerfully to the Negro sense of humor and the music isn't quite so well adapted to the walloping rhythms of swing. Nevertheless, it has been handled with enormous spirit and rare ingenuity in the matter of variations (Josephine, for instance, is not one girl but three) and I think it works out beautifully. The focus of all the gaiety, of course, is Mr. Robinson, who proclaims himself the Ruler of the Queen's Navee in a golden uniform more dazzling than the sun, taps up and down his famous stairway with that faultless precision which was a marvel years ago and, now that he is sixty-seven, comes very close to being a prodigy, and appears in general to be having the time of his ancient life. His assistants are very satisfactory, too. Avon Long, whose dancing always seems in danger of getting a little over-stylized, or just too damned graceful, but somehow never does, proves himself, in the part of the captain, a crisp and expert comedian as well; Sheila Guys, Ida James, and Thelma Carpenter, as the triple Josephine, are fetching and melodious enough not to have to bother especially about acting; Ada Brown, a vast and beaming Buttercup, harmonizes prettily with the Delta Rhythm Boys; Billy Daniels, who, like all those Josephines, is making his first Broadway appearance, turns up with a remarkably fine voice as their humble suitor; and Frank Wilson, Ann Robinson, Edith Wilson, and a fascinating tribe of little colored children also contribute handsomely to the evening's pleasure.

The book, in which "Pinafore," along with an odd snatch from "Trial by Jury," is embedded, is the work of Albert Barker and Sally Benson. It has a good many agreeable moments, such as a plaintive discussion between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Long about the queer things that ladies put on their heads and keep in their handbags, but on the whole it seems just a bit too shapeless and intricate for easy consumption. Very briefly, the action takes place on a grounded showboat and deals with the efforts of the troupe to raise money to refloat her and steam down to Memphis. Hence the production of "Pinafore." There are innumerable complications, the most important of which is the fact that the pilot (Mr. Robinson) prefers a comfortable cell in the local jail to marriage with a portly lady in the company, but in this space I'm afraid I can't tell you how they all work out, even if I remembered very clearly. Don Walker and Clay Warnick, who did the excellent arrangements in the interpolated opera, contributed some music of their own, but it isn't very memorable, either. Two things,



"Will you kindly explain *why* *the 10:34 was on time today?"*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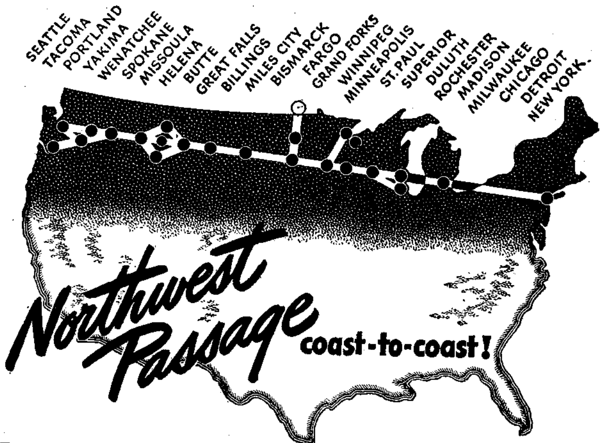
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NORTHWEST AIRLINES

LISTEN: JUNE 2, 1945

Come on behind the scenes and let's look at some figures:

The daily flow of audience to any network is ordinarily "weighted" by a few exceptionally popular programs which are regularly broadcast on certain nights of the week. Thus the largest single network audience on a Monday night ordinarily "belongs" to CBS; Tuesday night it leans toward another network.

But last May 7 and May 8 weren't "ordinary" days. The crisis of V-E Day swept familiar programs and their "ratings" aside. The networks had to stand on their own feet—and all had to face an acid test.

Through those two days, the radio-measurement-shark Hooper measured the radio audiences in four great and widely-dispersed urban areas: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco—cities in which the total balance of physical facilities by no means favored CBS. Hooper found:

★ *That throughout the white heat of the climax of war in Europe, CBS swept ahead of all other networks and stayed there!*

Most any seasoned radio analyst would have predicted that Columbia would naturally lead on any Monday night. It did. CBS actually led the other networks on May 7 by a margin of from 22% to 128%. Maybe that was because people followed their Monday-habit of listening. But on Tuesday—V-E Day itself—with the weight of habit leaning to another network, *the CBS audience led all networks by a margin ranging from 5% to 211%.*

Audience *confidence* like that, though it was dramatically demonstrated in a turbulent crisis, is no accident, no caprice of an individual program's "rating". It's the direct result of years of steady effort to deliver the best service in radio. The listener simply proved he knew it when it counted most.

★

Please remember to buy that War Bond

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...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

however, that remain constantly satisfying are the bright, original costumes and settings by Lucinda Ballard and George Jenkins. They couldn't be better.

IN her play forbiddingly entitled "Foxhole in the Parlor," Elsa Shelley has made an earnest and certainly commendable plea for a really permanent peace. Reluctantly, I have to say that it doesn't quite seem to work, partly because her political theory is usually either dreamy or elementary, partly because of a certain rather ghastly air of sophistication which she has inflicted on several of her characters, partly because her clinical information on war neuroses sounds as if it came out of a syndicated medical column, and even partly because Lee Simonson, not content with knocking out the front walls of two adjacent houses, has put the whole business on wheels and set it rolling back and forth across the stage for no aesthetic purpose that I could figure out.

Miss Shelley has built her play around a sensitive young musician who, after nightmare experiences in Africa and France, followed by three months as a mental case in an Army hospital, comes home ostensibly cured. He is violently and understandably obsessed with the idea that there must never be another war, however, and his condition is a matter of some concern to his neighbors, a household consisting of a brilliant artist (the management unfortunately has made the usual mistake of exposing samples of his work to the audience), his sympathetic wife, his beautiful and sporty model, and a superior colored man who seems to spend his life getting people meals on trays. They do their best for him, especially the model, who is of a willing disposition, but it isn't much good. He simply wants to get a message to the San Francisco Conference on behalf of a comrade who was killed at his side, explaining what must be done to keep the peace forever. Most of the play is devoted to his desperate, incoherent struggle to tell somebody what he wants to say, but no one, including a senator who conveniently drops in on his way to the Conference, can make much sense out of a crusade that has some mystic basis in the Feast of the Passover. A sister, summoned East from her peaceful Oregon hop farm, is frankly of the opinion that he is still crazy, and when he shows his resentment at this hasty diagnosis by going after her with a cake knife, she makes arrangements to have him committed to a private asylum. In the end, Miss Shelley manages to clear up this

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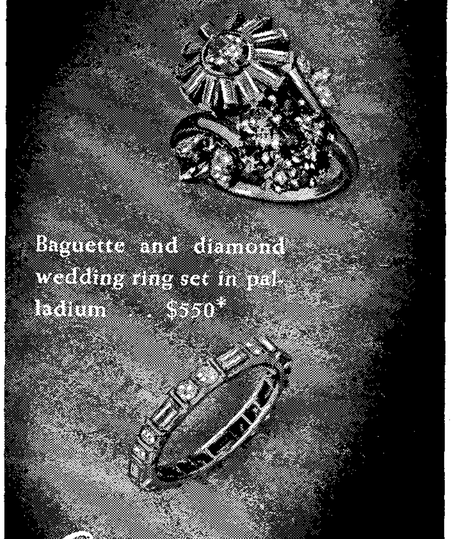

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untidy situation, but I'm afraid her solution isn't much more rational or satisfactory than her hero's ideas about the peace. Montgomery Clift, as the psychoneurotic warrior, duplicates the taut and bitter performance he gave a season ago in "The Searching Wind," and, since my colleagues seem to have admired him intensely, I hesitate to say that I found him a trifle monotonous. Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, Grace Coppin, and Ann Lincoln are among those who ride around on Mr. Simonson's oscillating set. On the whole, they looked a little uneasy.

THERE are four or five quite agreeable items in "Blue Holiday," an all-colored variety show at the Belasco, but most of it, I'm afraid, is familiar and repetitive. Two teams of eccentric dancers—the Three Poms, female, and the Chocolateers, also a trio, but male—operate with that rather synthetic abandon which the Negro has apparently decided the white man expects of him; a couple of hard-working but primitive humorists, Willie Bryant and Timmie Rogers, introduce the other acts when they aren't busy with specialties of their own; Lillian Fitzgerald sings the title song, which is not distinguished; Mary Lou Williams plays boogie-woogie, an art form I don't feel competent to discuss; and on the opening night there was a lugubrious salute to the serious drama in the shape of an excerpt from "Mamba's Daughters," which featured Ethel Waters but otherwise had very little in common with the original. This last item, I hear, has since been eliminated—a step in the right direction, if true.

To balance this catalogue of misery, we have Josh White, who is superb with such rakish ballads as "Hard Time Blues" and "Evil-Hearted Man;" Josephine Premice, an angular girl with a fiercely pointed face, who executes her native Haitian dances with a strange, jerking ecstasy that I am quite ready to accept as genuine; the Katherine Dunham Dancers, who abet Miss Premice very handsomely in a voodoo number, though I'm sorry to say they aren't nearly as effective in something intended to represent the behavior of the carefree Fiji Islanders; the Hall Johnson Choir, who give perhaps a rather odd effect when they sing "St. Louis Blues" in their ecclesiastical vestments but are nevertheless very impressive vocally; and finally, of course, Miss Waters, with a fine selection of the songs she has plugged to glory. All this is very nice, but it's my guess that it isn't quite enough.—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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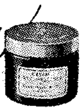

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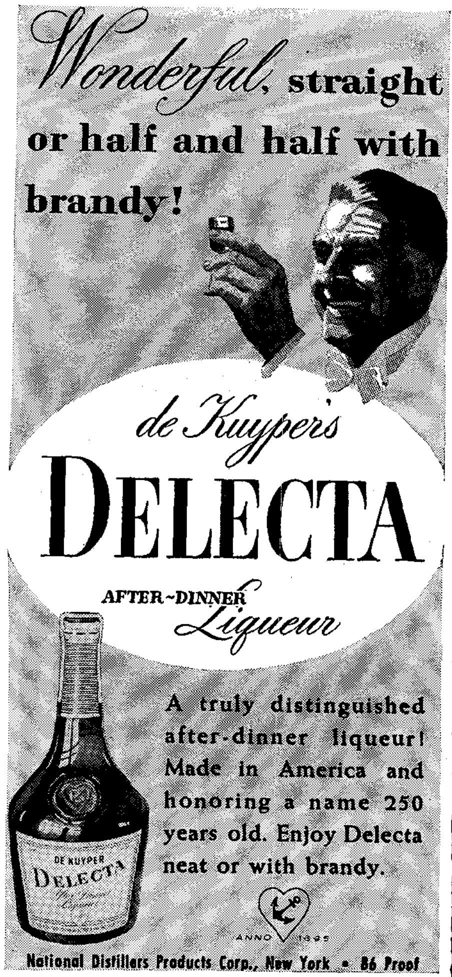
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THE RACE TRACK

Grand Opening

EVERYBODY had a good time at the opening of the season at Jamaica last week. The runners were diverting but unpredictable—something named Easy Spell won the first race at $55.40 and the daily double paid $1,001.10. The attendance was 42,179, and the scramble for trains back to town couldn't have been wilder if it had been started from the stall gates.

If signs, omens, and tote figures mean anything, racing on Long Island is on the way to another year of great prosperity, for the mutuel handle is averaging well over two million dollars a day. Of course, nothing is ever perfect. Plaintive criticisms have been levelled against the new business of closing the betting machines shortly before the horses reach the starting point instead of, as heretofore, after they are off and running. This means that the betting on a race stops several minutes sooner than it used to. How much money has been shut out is anyone's guess. Estimates run to twenty per cent of a day's business, but that seems high. Nevertheless, the sum must be considerable, because New Yorkers are strictly last-minute bettors. Besides, a considerable amount of comeback money, the wagers bookmakers in town send out to be bet at the track, is shut out, too. Two reasons have been advanced to account for the early-closing decision. One is that a clique of nimble thimbleriggers used to bet on the animal that came out of the starting gate first, a practice that often gave them quite an advantage in a short race. They could do this because the tote wasn't actually closed until the field had gone nearly a furlong. The other is that the tracks want to keep the volume of betting down, and I can't think of a better way to do it. I fancy, though, that the Department of Taxation and Finance in Albany, which these days is overweeningly interested in ways of improving the breed of race horses, will look into the matter if the state's pleasant profit on the betting falls off too much.

EXCEPT for Jeep, there really isn't much to say about the colts who ran in the Experimental Handicap on the first afternoon at Jamaica. A great deal can be said about Jeep, however. He was away last in the field of thirteen, but he soon settled down and finished so fast that he won by lengths from Greek Warrior. Everything else was down the course. Jeep seems to run better at Jamaica than he does at any other track. You may recall, as lots of horseplayers did after the Experimental, in which he paid $30.90, that he won twice there last year, and nowhere else. What I liked about him in the Experimental was that he ran the last quarter (the one that counts) much better than he did the first. Flood Town disappointed me. He looked well and had speed for a mile, but after that he seemed to go all to pieces.

THE race that is likely to be remembered longest of those at Jamaica last week was Devil Diver's in the Paumonok Handicap. He carried 132 pounds (weight enough to steady any horse), followed the pace for four of the six furlongs, came around the leaders on the stretch turn, and beat Apache handily. If time means anything to you, and it ought to, he did it in 1:10⅘. It was hard luck for Apache, who ran so well on Monday, and it was also the second time Devil Diver had beaten him in the Paumonok. In my book, Devil Diver is the best handicap horse we have. I thought we'd seen the last of him at the end of 1944. In fact, he was booked for retirement. However, he has come back from a winter at Aiken as good as new. Devil Diver, who is now six, has grown into a quiet, level-headed, powerful fellow. He still limps when he walks, and he always will, because one foreleg is shorter than the other. Some people say that's what gives him such speed.

FOR me, the week's best two-year-old was Beaugay, one of the more expensive members of Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's Maine Chance Farms stable. Beaugay, who is a $22,000 yearling and a half-sister to Pericles, the $66,000 horse, ran five furlongs so fast and apparently so effortlessly that she might be kept in mind for both the Rosedale Stakes at Jamaica this week and the Fashion at Belmont.

FOOTNOTE ON THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT: Trainers are experimenting with penicillin to check the coughing-sickness epidemic among their horses. —AUDAX MINOR

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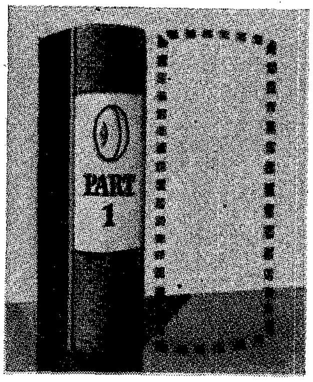

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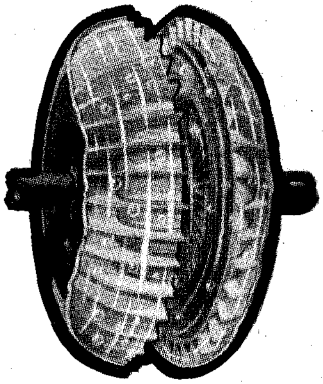

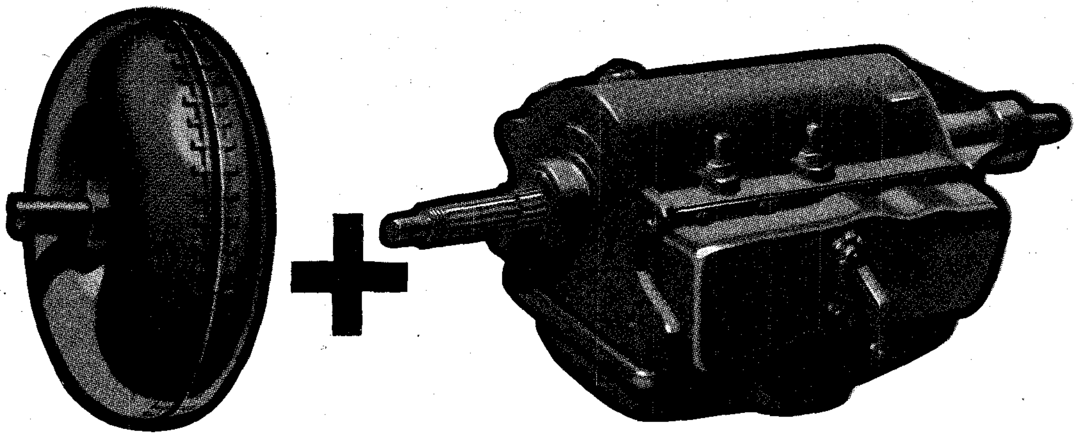

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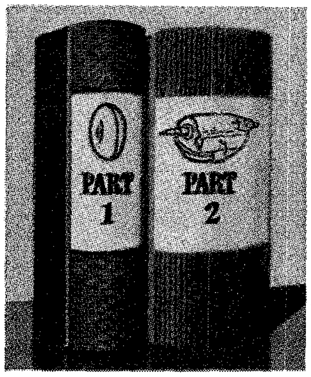

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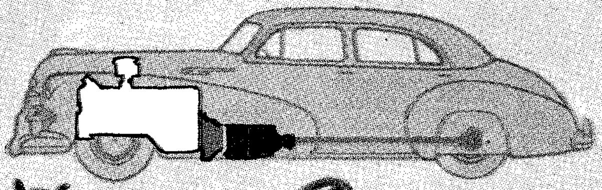

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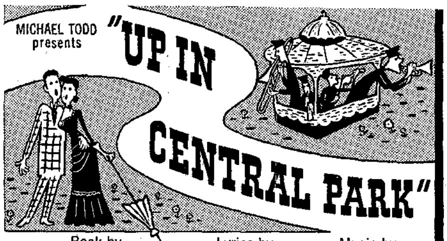
NOTES ON LONDON AT THE END OF A WAR

THE English way of getting things done is quite distinct from the American way. It is quieter, more orderly, politer. When my ship was about to dock in London, a British pilot came aboard to take us up the Thames. The deckhands had been cleaning the deck and draining the water out of a hole next to the ladder up which he was to climb, and one of the sailors now closed the hole. The pilot, as he came over the side, said to the sailor, "Good morning. Thanks for stopping the water," and went immediately about his business on the bridge. I was somehow impressed by this and tried to think what an American would have said. He would probably have said nothing at all or would have made some kind of wisecrack. And so, when the officials of the port came aboard, it seemed to me that one's dealings with officials in England were pleasanter and more expeditious than with those of any other country. Even when they are holding you up, there is no strain and no friction. The officials of other countries tend to behave as if they assumed you were a crook, but the British officials look up at you with a candid and friendly eye which seems to assume that you must be honest. I had the impression later, in London, when I saw people getting their ration books and complying with other wartime regulations, that the whole organization of life for the war had been handled in this same calm and careful way. Compared to England after more than five years of food rationing, fuel restrictions, and the rest, the United States, in its first throes of privation, seemed hysterical, uncertain, and confused.

There is about London today a certain flavor of Soviet Moscow. It surprises Londoners if you remark on this and does not particularly please them, but people told me at the American Embassy that several other visitors who had been in Russia had said the same thing. The regimentation and the tension imposed by the war have produced certain results very similar to those of the effort, during the twenties and thirties, to make the Soviet Union self-dependent. People look rather shabby, but almost everybody looks equally shabby. Many people are working for the government; everybody has something definite to do and each is intent on his particular job. There is the atmosphere of emergency and transition to which people have settled down; many things are left undone or unfinished—in London the repair of buildings, in Moscow the carrying out of civic projects—which would in normal times make intolerable eyesores. There is a great deal of getting oneself registered and of having to have passes in order to do things, and people are always having to line up and wait for hours in queues. There is also the democracy of manners—one of the striking changes in London—of people in the same boat who cannot afford to be rude to one another, all constrained by a common danger and dependent on coöperation.

The English have also, since the war, been somewhat shut in from the rest of the world, as the Soviet Russians are. Their newspapers today are as meagre, though not so misleading, as the Russian ones; their sense of what other countries are like and of what is going on outside England seems to have become rather dim. People who have been living in London through all or most of the years of the war—unable even to go to the seaside: a great privation, apparently, for Londoners—complain of a kind of claustrophobia, and young people in government offices who have had to give up to the war five years of that part of their life which is ordinarily more cheerfully employed show the same mixture of boredom and devotion as the young workers for the Soviet economy showed toward the end of the second Five Year Plan. And, as in Moscow, there are women in pants and the problem of neglected children. There is also the quietness of everybody. The submissiveness. The patience. The acceptance. The parks seem muted, like Russian parks. In the evening, people lie on the grass or stroll



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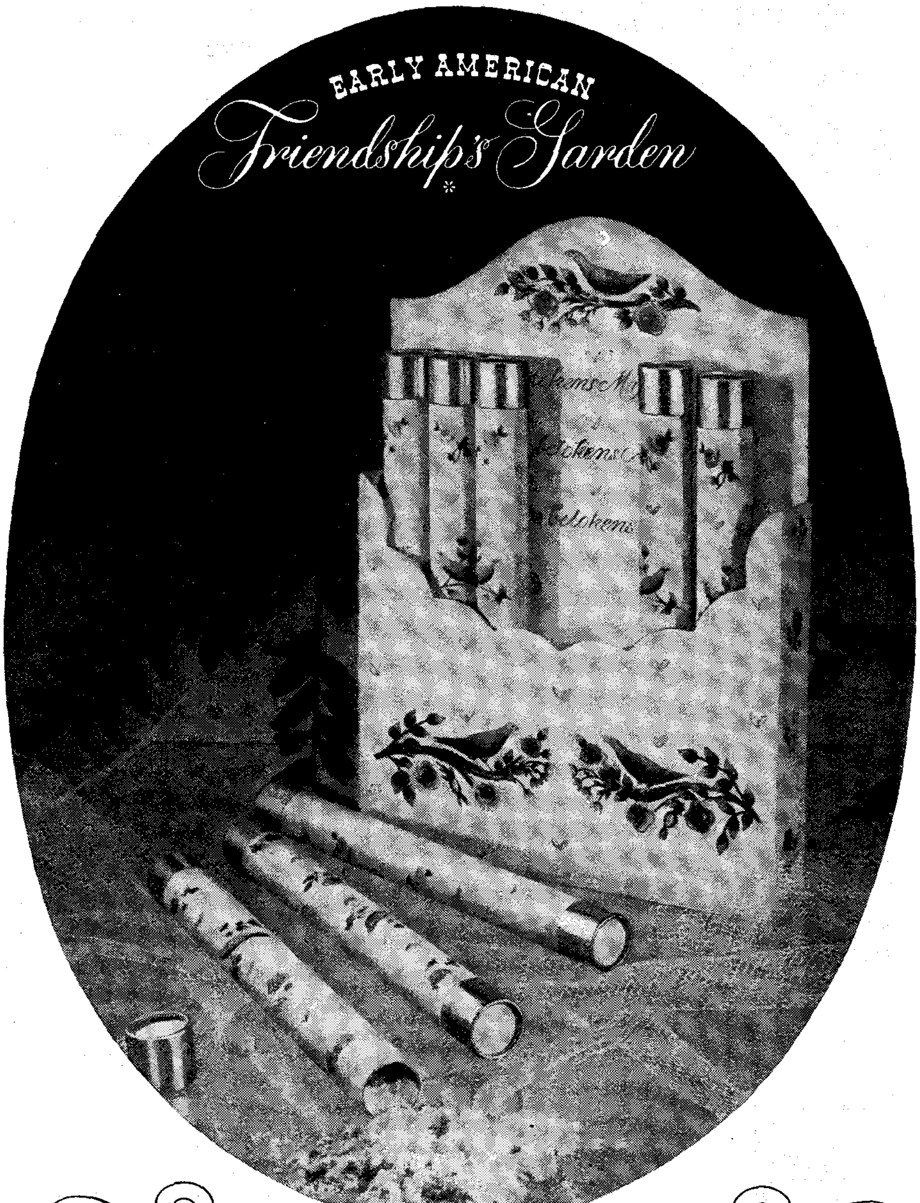
along the paths or go boating on the Serpentine or play a primitive form of baseball called rounders, and are almost as soundless as the rabbits munching grass in their wire enclosures. Even the American soldiers playing the American form of baseball are much less noisy than they would be at home.

I HAD forgotten what a pleasant city London is. No doubt it comes to seem more attractive as New York becomes consistently less so. From the moment a New Yorker is confronted with almost any large city of Europe, it is impossible for him to pretend to himself that his own city is anything other than an unscrupulous real-estate speculation, whereas a capital like London is a place where people are supposed to live and enjoy some recreation and comfort rather than merely pay landlords rent. The green parks and the squares that interlace the whole West End seem enchanting after the windowed, expressionless walls, the narrow, crowded streets of New York. The best that Mr. Moses has been able to do, admirable though it is, seems pathetic beside, say, Kensington Gardens, which provides a real escape into the country, not a mere space for benches and asphalt walks. The moist air, which softens form and deepens color, gives all these parks a special charm, as one sees them under pearly clouds in the pale-blue sky of an early spring evening or, later, fringed with purple lilacs and studded with white-blossoming chestnuts above turf that is soft and dense, like the air. And though a good deal of fun, at one time or another, has been made of the London statues by people like Osbert Sitwell and Max Beerbohm, it is cheering to a New Yorker, with a depressed recollection of the figure of Fitz-Greene Halleck in Central Park, to find, within a short walk, monuments to four English poets—Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, and Byron—and even statues of the conventional public kind which have a certain authentic life: the bronze Victory driving her horses into the sky and the Saint George of World War I killing a dragon with mustaches like the Kaiser's. You realize that the English, through these symbols, quite as much perhaps as the French, have managed to keep in the air the admiration for human excellence and the imaginative vision of history. There is, however, one mechanical monument which stands out among these human ones as a bleak, unassimilable block—a statue to the Royal Artillery in the shape of a huge howitzer. This suggests that the war just ended may eventually bring, for its memorials, bronze bombers, marble tanks, and granite anti-aircraft batteries. In fact, you have something of the kind already in the great war monument in Edinburgh Castle, where there are yards and yards of bas-reliefs of men with machine guns, trench helmets, and gas masks and all the other equipment of the last war. You feel here a definite break in the tradition of human heroism: the armored knights with their plumes and beaks were still at least caricatures of the human animal, but the big age of engineering has reached the point, in England as elsewhere, of getting this animal out of sight. A monument for the next World War might be simply an enormous rocket which had never been touched by human hands from the moment it was shot out of its stand.

Being attacked from the air by flying bombs and rockets must be something quite new in sensations. While my ship was lying in the Thames on a mild and quiet April day, a rocket went off somewhere not far away among the streets of little London houses on which we were looking out; the pilot said to someone the next morning that a second one had just passed overhead. When I got off the boat, I was told that the tram line was now blocked, because of the blowing-up two days before of the bridge at the end of the street. It would hardly be correct to use, in connection with these automatic explosives, the word "nightmarish." A nightmare involves apprehension; the terror must always be expected. The Londoners say that in the case of the blitz you were dealing with other human beings, could see them coming, and could at least try to do something about them: a relationship between combatants was established, so the thing seemed to make some sense. But the "doodlebugs," or flying bombs, and even more the rockets, came as a disruption completely irrelevant to even an emergency pattern of life. With the rockets there was nothing you could do: you could not either hear them or see them coming, and you might just as well not think of them at all. Though when you walked through one of those pleasant parks or squares that you were in the habit of passing every day, it would be a shock to come upon a great ulcer, the crater of a V-2. On some other occasion, you might be knocked flat and stunned and have to be carried in out of the street, or you might be sitting at home and have all your clothes blown off and your skin peppered with masonry and plaster, or you might be annihilated. Nothing, of course, was further from the attitude of London during the days of the V-2 rockets than the atmosphere of abject panic described by German propaganda. At the time the V-1s were falling, there was an exhibition on Oxford Street which showed a diagram and model of the rocket and photographs of some of the damage, and people were dropping in curiously, as they would on the fortune-telling machines and the waxworks. But those who know what the Germans were preparing believe that if they had been given time to intensify the attack, they could have made London uninhabitable. A commission which visited the Pas-de-Calais, after that part of the coast had been abandoned by the Germans, found a whole hillside planted with giant guns, fixed in their positions and aimed at London and capable of firing five or six projectiles a minute, and, in another place, a hilltop scooped out and equipped with rocket sites for some larger type of rocket than V-2s.

THE London theatre, to a New Yorker, is amazing. It used to be very much less interesting than ours, but it is at present incomparably better. Our theatre has been demoralized by Hollywood; no one really takes it seriously any more. We have few directors or actors who even want to do a good job, and these rarely get a chance to do one. But the London theatre still exists, and the war has had the effect of stimulating it to special effort. With so much of tight routine in their lives, so little margin for vacation or luxury, and feeling somewhat helpless in their hemmed-in world, the Londoners, again rather like the Russians, have needed the theatre for gaiety, for color, and also—what is very important and what the American films can't supply—for the vicarious participation in the drama of personal emotions that are possible only in peacetime, when the individual is relatively free. In the first place, they put on really good plays. During the month that I spent in London, you could see three plays of Shakespeare (as well as an English film of "Henry V"), John Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi," two plays of Ibsen, two of Bernard Shaw, one of Chekhov, one of Strindberg, and, on a lower but still respectable level, two plays by Noel Coward, as well as "The Circle," by Somerset Maugham.

Some of these plays were brilliantly done, and all that I saw were done with a kind of theatrical competence that is almost obsolete on Broadway. Not only do people want to see serious plays in London, but they are also intelligently



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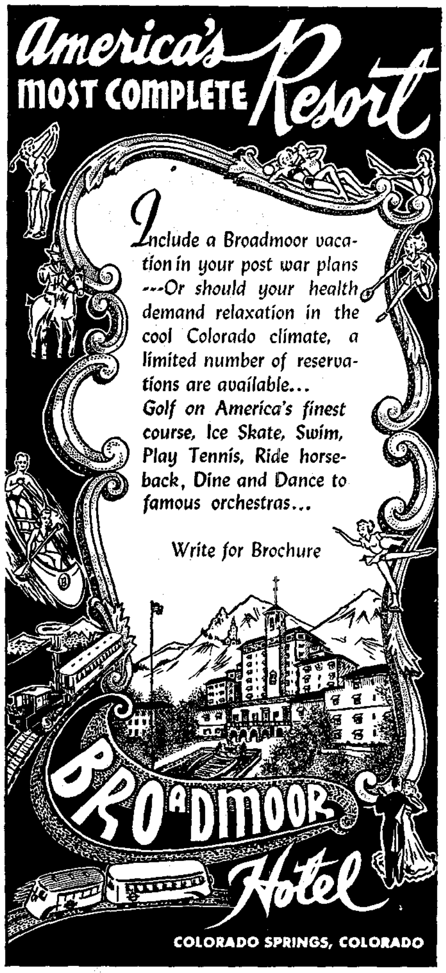
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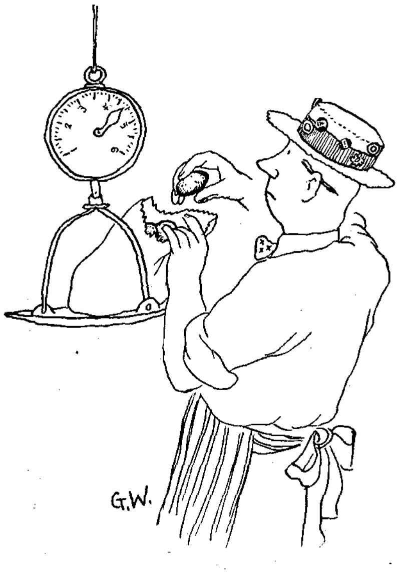
interested in acting. I heard discussion everywhere of actors in their rôles, of a sort that has not been heard at home since the early years of the twenties. I saw half a dozen actors in London—Ralph Richardson, Laurence Oliver, John Gielgud, Cecil Trouncer, Sybil Thorndike, and Peggy Ashcroft—who were certainly first-rate, performing in repertory companies in which they were as likely to do small parts as big ones and had none of the fantastic billing which has done so much to spoil our theatre. The two best performances I saw were "Richard III" and "The Duchess of Malfi." It is a great thing to hear Elizabethan blank verse read as verse and yet be distinct to the last syllable, and as comprehensible and effective as normal speech. With us this tradition has been lost from the time, I suppose, that John Barrymore was persuaded to read "Hamlet" like prose. And today an American Shakespearean production usually combines a variety of accents and a variety of metrical or non-metrical conceptions of the rhythm of the lines in a way that does the master little justice. Implausible though it may appear, the Elizabethan "Duchess of Malfi," not played anywhere since God knows when, is probably the most fascinating show to be seen in London. It seems to me, in fact, one of the best productions that I have ever seen of anything anywhere. You would think that this old tragedy of blood, with its grotesque horrors and highly wrought speeches, is the kind of thing of which a revival would be sure to turn out dreary or comic, but this production, by the poet George Rylands, is so immensely imaginative and skillful and the acting is at once so dynamic and so disciplined that it holds you from beginning to end. You might have thought that Webster's style was too precious for the stage, but every speech has its force and point.

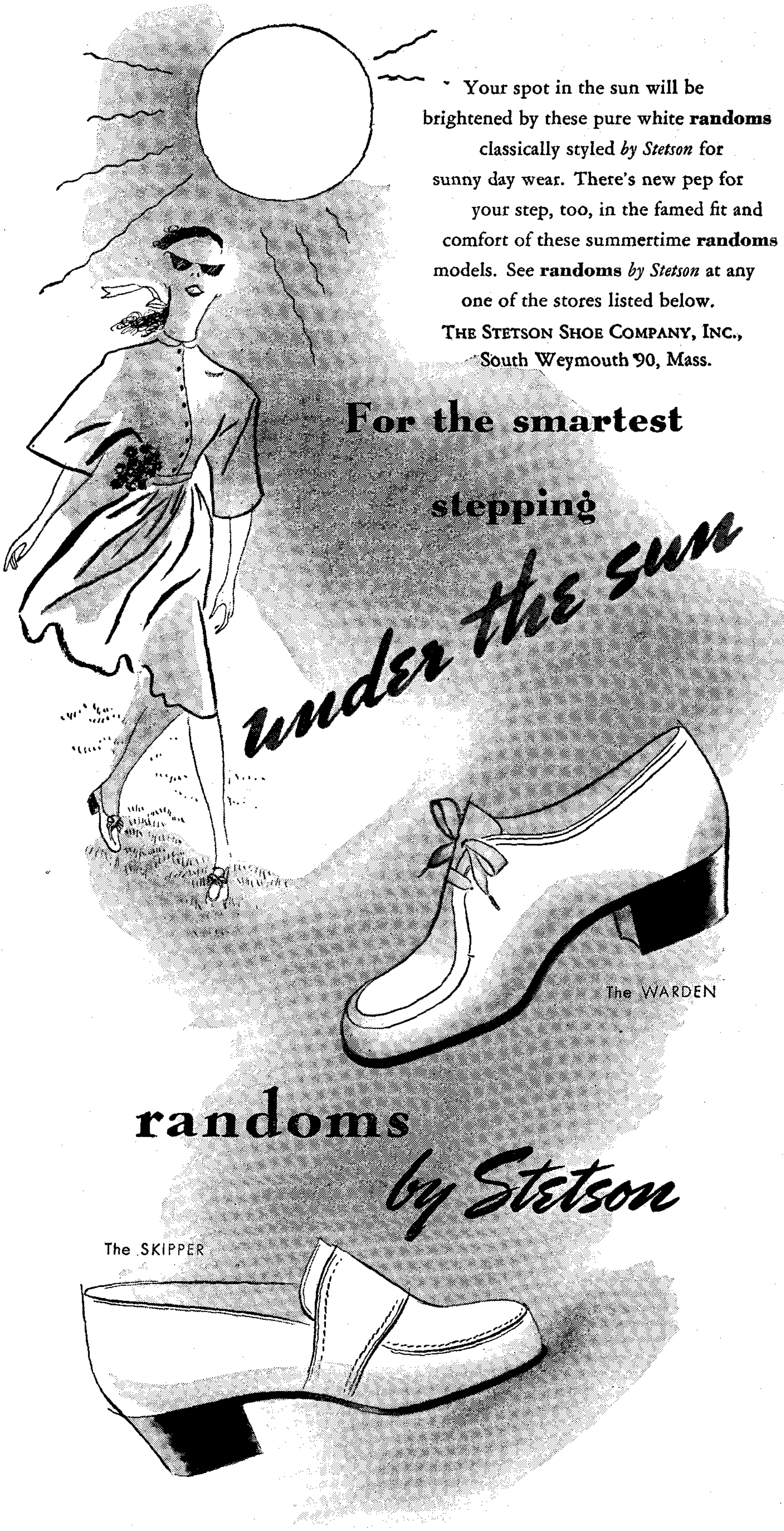
The English somehow got the emotions of the war into both "Richard III" and "The Duchess of Malfi": the accelerating pace of horror, crime, injustice, grievance, revenge. No, "The Duchess of Malfi" was not funny. You understood what Gertrude Stein meant when she said that she had reread in France, during the war, Shakespeare's tragedies and historical plays and had realized for the first time that human life could be like that. One saw the fall of "Richard III" as Hitler was staggering to defeat; and one saw the scene of the released lunatics, in which the Duchess of Malfi is told her doom, just at the moment of the exposé of the German prison camps. The theatre was thus a little breathless, a little tense with fear and fatigue, like everything else in London. One felt its limitations more when one saw something that was supposed to be consoling. "The Wind of Heaven," by Emlyn Williams, well done though it too was, was depressing in its attempt to exploit the need of the people for something to believe in, something to reassure them that there is a God behind the world, after all. Mr. Williams makes a Messiah appear in Wales at the time of the Crimean War: a saintly child who can heal the cholera and who brings the sound of celestial music. But, alas, when you go out of the theatre, there is no Messiah there.

THE influence of America on England had already gone pretty far when I was there in 1935, and a public reaction against it was expressed in the popular revues, which ridiculed the United States at the same time that they were resorting to American methods and using American jokes. Today the influence is more pervasive and, though criticism on the stage and in the press is restrained by our relations as Allies, the rebellion against that influence is stronger. Everybody goes to the American films and the "lower order" now chews gum. Everybody under forty-five, of whatever social class, seems to say "O.K." and "That's right," and the American use of "fix," in the sense of "mend" or "arrange," seems to be universal. People also begin statements with "Look" instead of with "I say" (now becoming a little old-fashioned), which I believe was originally an Americanism, too; and it is queer to hear phrases like "het up" and "conked out" pronounced by English voices. There is some growling about this in print, and there has recently been a very sharp



protest against the dominance of the American films, a protest with which an American may gloomily find himself in sympathy. The effect of the American movies, American journalism, and American radio on the British lower-middle class is, I fear, going to be rather awful. They will get much of the banality and cheapness with little of the excitement and snap. There is certainly a large market in England for the worst the United States has to offer. Our Hollywood stars are already their stars and our best-sellers will be their best-sellers.

The English, in fact, partially as a result of all this, have become fairly neurotic about America. They were swamped by the American Army, as wave after wave of it came in before D Day, and they now seem to look back on its sojourn as an ordeal of almost the same severity as the blitz and the robot bombs. It is, indeed, a dreadful nuisance to have the people of some other nation dumped suddenly upon one, and the English have really had much to complain of in the way of soldier hillbillies and hoodlums who took advantage of the blackout in London to pester women and snatch purses. But now that the Army was mostly gone, I assumed that the resentment had subsided, and I was therefore surprised, in London, to hear a good deal of somewhat bitter criticism of practically everything connected with America. I had begun by being depreciatory about those products of the United States—such as I have mentioned above—to which I object as much as they did. But I soon found that this was not understood: the Englishman always stands up for his country where foreigners are concerned, and he thinks that if you criticize yours, it is an admission of inferiority. I first became aware of this attitude some years ago, when I met a visiting English physicist who said that he hesitated to tell Americans he enjoyed Sinclair Lewis's novels because he feared they might resent it. This seemed to me odd at the time, but I realized, when I came to England, that the English point of view in such matters is entirely different from ours. They do not publicly engage in self-criticism—Bernard Shaw, after all, is an Irishman—and they are always intent on keeping up face. I saw that, compared to England (or, in fact, any European country), the United States is not a *nation* at all—that is, an entity that maintains its breed and has to compete and defend itself among entities of other breeds—but a *society* in course of con-



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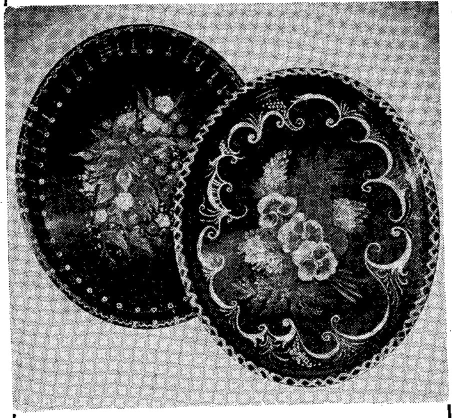

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struction, composed of the most diverse elements, in which it is the way of life and not the national existence and essence with which people are occupied. Thus the admission of a weakness to a foreigner is, for an Englishman, an act of treason, whereas a satire on Babbitt, for us, is merely a comment on a social tendency. The "hundred-per-cent Americanism" of the period that followed the last war, and that took alarm at such satire as Lewis's, betrayed its falsity by its hysterical ravings and did not rage long.

But I eventually became rather irritated. If the people in London did not, as they often did, attack America and Americans directly, they would resort to the old, offhand methods which one reads of in books of the last century and for which it seemed to me, in 1945, a little late in the day. One man who had been in America pretended to think that Vermont was a town in Florida and that it was accented on the first syllable, and another, an Oxford man who had lectured in the United States, a scholar of enormous reading who quotes lyrics in Portuguese and has the Russian poets all at his fingertips, remarked that he had never read Walt Whitman, who, he understood, was considered a great writer in South America. When I said that "Leaves of Grass" was probably the greatest American book, he asked me whether I thought it even more important than the writings of Whyte-Melville. I did not actually talk with people who believed—though I heard that the legend was widely spread—that American women had exceptionally long legs because they all had Negro blood, but I did meet well-educated people who said they had heard there was no conversation in America, as the Americans only exchanged wisecracks, and who declared that the negotiations of various kinds which had been going on between English and Americans had been proving very unsuccessful because the English could not understand what the Americans said. With these people, I adopted a tougher line. I would retort that the American soldiers who had committed misdemeanors in England were our revenge for the obnoxious British propagandists who had been sent over to plague us in America from the moment England had realized she needed us to help her against Germany, and I cited examples, in this line, of British atrocities in the United States. The first rebuttal I got to this was the reply that when, for any reason, a British official did not come up to scratch he was always sent at once to America. The British, though impassive, are pugnacious: they have always stood square on their island with their fists clenched against the world. They understand giving blow for blow. When the provocation for rudeness was offered, I would engage in combative conversations that went, in substance, like this:

"The English are fantastically ignorant about the United States. A friend of mine in Scotland who knows America well was saying to me the other day that the English saw North America on a single page of their atlases represented as about the same size as England and so assumed that it was a small, homogeneous place."

"One of the things that keep the English from knowing about America is the fact that American books are almost invariably so badly written that we find it very difficult to read them."

Or: "The social classes in England are practically different races of beings, who even speak different languages. Perhaps the jargon of the American movies may give them a common medium by which they can communicate."

"What about the American Negroes? They seem to be excluded from the privileges of citizenship as no group in England is. And, though I am used to talking to Americans, I find it hard to understand what they say."

This attitude of the English toward America is, of course, partly a wartime phenomenon—a symptom of exasperation, of the peculiar state of mind produced by being cooped up for five years in England, and by being in uncertainty, since 1940, about England's place in the world. This came out very clearly in connection with one of the principal conversational snags that I ran into in London. I always found, when I said that Europe would have to be governed by somebody or something, that I provoked an immediate resistance, and I saw presently that people were assuming that I meant that the United States ought to run it. I would explain to them that the difficulty would be rather, once Germany had been defeated, to induce the United States to take any further interest in Europe. But then, whenever the problems of postwar Europe were raised, it seemed to me that the instinct of the English themselves was to shrink from becoming involved in any hampering and permanent way, for purposes of international control, with the other great western powers. They used to reproach us, with reason, for our failure to take our place in the League of Nations which Woodrow Wilson had initiated, but I got the impression on this visit that the average educated Englishman was still thinking of the future in terms of old-fashioned balance-of-power politics, in which nations are irreducible units that can associate in pacts and alliances like the combinations of molecules in chemistry but cannot cohere to produce a new structure in a process of crystallization. The great difference, I concluded, between England and the other English-speaking countries can be traced to the fact—of which, obvious though it is, I had never fully appreciated the importance—that the English are used to living on an island, whereas most of the rest of us are spread across whole continents and, with so much space about us, no longer constrained by our neighbors either at home or abroad, have acquired a certain nonchalance and freedom in the world, a readiness to get on with people, that make the non-English Anglo-Saxon something quite distinct from the Englishman.

I WENT to the House of Commons to hear Churchill pay his tribute to Roosevelt. His speech was held up by a curious and unexpected incident which turned out to be more interesting to an American visitor than the oration itself. A new M. P., a Dr. Robert McIntyre, who represented the Scottish Nationalist Party, presented himself to be seated without the customary Parliamentary sponsors. A new member, when he first enters the House, is supposed to come with two other members, who escort him on either side as he walks down the wide aisle between the benches, stopping at intervals to bow three times to the Speaker, who is presiding in a high chair and wearing a shoulder-length wig. Dr. McIntyre, the spokesman for an intransigent group, had decided to appear without these sponsors, in order to dissociate himself, as he said, from "the London party game," and the result was that he was challenged by the Speaker and, when he bowed and began to explain his position, was cut short with "You have no place to speak from. You cannot make a speech." He was sent to sit behind the bar—that is, to a kind of limbo consisting of a cross-bench at the back of the room, and he retired, walking backward and making the Speaker two more bows. A spirited debate now took place. A Scottish member, Mr. Buchanan, urged, with a strong Scottish accent, that the old rule be suspended for a day. Dr. McIntyre, he said, had been "duly elected after fighting both party ma-

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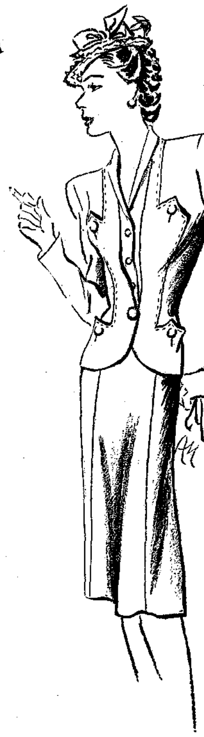

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chines" and was certainly entitled to his seat. Other members objected that the rule had a very important purpose: if sponsors were not required, there would be nothing to prevent any vagabond of the streets from walking into the House of Commons and taking his seat as a member. It turned out that this regulation, in force since 1688, had come in question only once before—in 1875, when a certain Dr. Kenealy had proved to be so unpopular personally that he had found it impossible to get anyone to sponsor him, on which occasion the requirement had apparently been waived. But the supporters of Dr. McIntyre were unable to make any headway. A Conservative member, Lord Winterton, even inquired indignantly whether the House were obliged to tolerate having Dr. McIntyre in the room at all, and provoked from Mr. Buchanan a counter-question, addressed to the Speaker: "Could you not order Dr. McIntyre's execution just to satisfy Lord Winterton?" The issue was finally dealt with by the Prime Minister. "I could not," said Mr. Churchill, "advise the House on this occasion to depart from tradition and custom. On the contrary, when the British House of Commons is under the gaze of the whole world, and the admiring gaze of a large part of it, we should not in the least shrink from upholding the ancient traditions and customs which have added to our dignity and power."

I had been very much impressed that afternoon, amidst the carvings and the gilt of Westminster, by the spectacle of the opening of Parliament: the huge gold mace, the Speaker framed in his wig, the attendants with their necks rigid and their chins stuck out, all proceeding through the solemn portals while the crowd were told to stand at attention. I had never quite felt before—since we have nothing in the least like all this—how compelling these ceremonies still are that tend to appear to the outside world as anachronisms, how much the power and dignity of England of which the Prime Minister was speaking still resides in a mystic core of which such things as crown and mace and woolsack are the most conspicuous symbols but which is alive and compelling in almost every British subject. When my ship was docking at London, I was struck by the fact that a British stewardess, who had been born in India and had lived in the States and who had been but once in England, said, "There's something about getting to England that always gives you a special feeling. There's something worthy about it, don't you think so?" And yet now that the Prime Minister was appealing thus for the continuance of an obsolete custom on the ground merely that it would be a good thing for British prestige abroad—in a word, that it was better publicity—I felt that the power and the glory were perhaps ebbing out of these symbols, that the old virtue was no longer quite there.

I later read in the paper the program of the Scottish Nationalist Party, which included the following points: Break-up of large landlord estates among farmer owners responsible to the nation; Scottish government ownership responsible to the Scottish people alone; a central bank and control of private and municipal banks, customs, and excise; the curbing of combines by immediate legislation making it illegal for a Scottish firm to sell a majority of its capital stock to non-Scots, and by a differential tax on chain stores; national ownership of the coal reserves of Scotland; and, as war aims, "national freedom for Scotland and all other nations." To an American, these demands of the Scotsmen had a certain familiar ring. I do not know how important this party may be, or how legitimate its grievances are. The Englishmen I asked about it smilingly brushed it off, conceding sometimes that it might be a good thing if the Scotsmen had a parliament of their own, which would be, they said, a sort of "glorified borough council." But the more open-minded kind of Englishmen, toward the end of the eighteenth century, must have smiled about the demands of the American colonies in very much the same way. At any rate, the oration for Roosevelt was held up while a division took place. The members went out to vote; Mr. Churchill had to withdraw, with his speech in his hand. The decision went overwhelmingly for the Government, against the seating of the Nationalist member—273 to 74.

WHEN I was leaving England, to fly to Italy, the officials were as polite as they had been when I arrived, but it turned out that, from the British point of view, my papers were not in order. I was not allowed to fly that morning and had to go back from my airport to London to get a missing and necessary document. The American authorities, when I returned to them, insisted that I did not need this document, that my papers *had* been in order, and a certain amount of fairly animated argument was carried on with the British over the telephone. In the course of all this, and of some further complication, I had a glimpse of the difference between the British and the American ways of doing things. The British handle their formalities without fuss, but they are very exact about them. They were quite correct in telling me, as they did, that the document they insisted on my having would be asked for when I arrived in Italy. On the other hand, if I had not had it, the Americans in Italy would certainly have let me through. The point was that a new kind of credential had just gone into use with the Americans without the British having had notification. And the American officials thought that the fact that they sent a man to an airport provided only with this credential ought to be enough for the British. The Americans like to act for themselves and do things with a freer hand. They do not always take their paperwork quite so seriously as the British do. To the latter, they doubtless seem hit-or-miss, and they probably make annoying mistakes of a kind that is rare with the British. It is the result of having more space to move in, more margin of resources to dispose of. With the British every penny counts and every link in the chain must be tight. They do not understand the effectiveness of a loose association of men working with a minimum of formality to put through some undertaking and then eat a good dinner—which is what the Americans in Europe sometimes seem to be.

—EDMUND WILSON

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[*From the Los Angeles Daily News*]

Marine Pfc. Robert Garcia of Los Angeles narrowly missed death on this island when a Jap ran to within 10 feet of his foxhole and threw a grenade.

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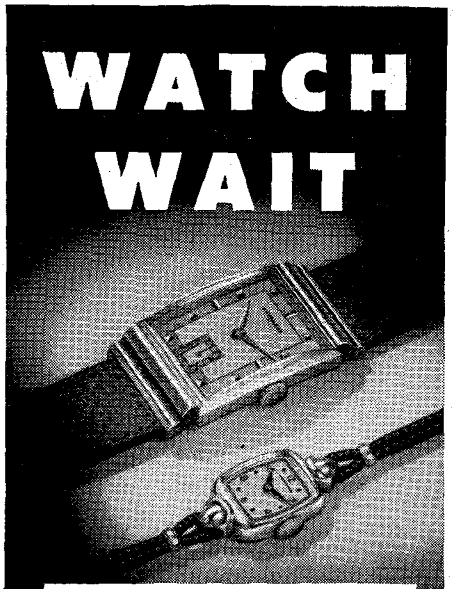

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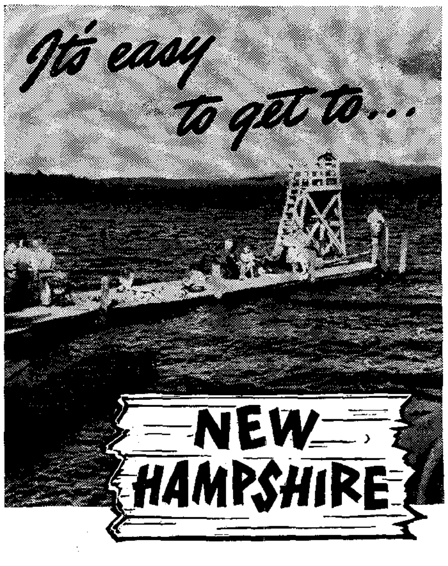

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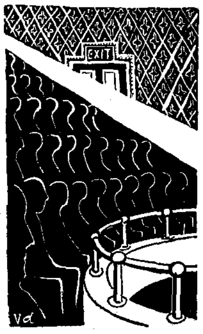
"A MEDAL FOR BENNY," primarily the work of John Steinbeck, utilizes at one time or another practically every cliché of comedy or pathos known to the screen. There are such reliable humorous effects as the heroine's demon little brother whom her suitors have to bribe; the accidental release of an assortment of livestock and poultry, which reaches its jocular climax when a proud banker sits down on an egg; the immemorial battle between two jealous ladies in which the loser gets her dress torn off in the presence of many delighted spectators; and that standard burlesque on the methods of a small-town chamber of commerce which was pretty old when I was young. On the other side, to touch your heart, Mr. Steinbeck and his associates have dug up a lovable old illiterate, called Charlie Martini, who has to get somebody else to read his mail for him ("I ain't educated so good"), faces eviction from the humble house where he was born with dull bewilderment, and rises in the end to a crescendo of rude nobility in which, after denouncing the money changers who are attempting to exploit his son's heroic death for low purposes of publicity, he delivers one of those artfully inarticulate speeches about the fundamentals of democracy which for some reason are generally felt to be more eloquent than any practiced oratory on the subject. He is a fine and picturesque old character, all right, but I'm afraid he's just been in too many pictures.



In spite of this formidable collection of stencils, however, "A Medal for Benny" has its points. The *paisanos* of southern California are, of course, almost exclusively Mr. Steinbeck's literary property and he handles them with humor and sympathy. The behavior of his principals may be conditioned to a great extent by a plot which bears the unmistakable seal of the cinema, but the idiom is unquestionably authentic and the atmosphere of a genial, shiftless community, rich with the assorted smells of fish and goats and an army of unwashed children, is very pleasantly contrived.

Charlie's son, Benny, the story goes, was run out of town after some negligible scuffle with the police, leaving behind him his father, his fiancée, and an unsuccessful rival. The next word of Benny comes from the South Pacific, where he has won a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor for killing a hundred Japs single-handed. The award is to be made to his father by a celebrated general and the governor of the state, and the local businessmen prepare for this historic ceremony by hustling the old man from his embarrassing hovel to a fine new house. The catch here is that Charlie, innocently supposing that all this magnificence is actually a gift, starts giving away the furniture to his old neighbors and has to be informed that he has been planted there only as a temporary civic exhibit. He retires indignantly to the old homestead, but the governor and the general and a good part of the United States Army are not too proud to seek him out, and the picture ends with a firm emphasis on the brotherhood of man. Interwoven with all this is a secondary plot having to do with the gradual transfer of the heroine's affections from Benny (whom, incidentally, you never see) to the suitor who stayed at home. Since he is a tedious and graceless young man, the motivation seems rather obscure, but I doubt if it matters much. J. Carrol Naish, as old Charlie, has a character actor's field day and makes the most of it, rather overshadowing Dorothy Lamour and Arturo De Cordova, whose romance struck me as noisy but a little vacant.

"'THRILL OF A ROMANCE,'" my understudy reports, "is a Technicolor job, with songs, about a beautiful Los Angeles swimming teacher (Esther Williams) who marries the brisk young inventor of some kind of goo called Prakticon. He leaves her in a hotel on their wedding night, so naturally she falls in love with the resident hero (Van Johnson), an aviator back from the Pacific. In a week she's taught him how to swim as well as she does, though he couldn't even float in the beginning, and they have a lovely time, ending up by getting lost in the woods. They don't get home until morning and when they do they are confronted by her husband, who is inclined to be irritable at first but finally agrees to an annulment. That's the plot. For good measure, you also get

Tommy Dorsey and his band; some piano solos by a girl in the rôle of his little daughter, who seems to know more tunes than Oscar Levant; and quite a bit of Lauritz Melchior, who sings loud and clear, though apparently on a diet of carrot sticks. In spite of its occasional coyness (the hero has a favorite star named George and the heroine's aunt keeps her spectacles in the icebox), I think it's quite an amiable and pretty picture."

THE advertisements for "China Sky," a film adapted from something by Pearl Buck, describe it as an epic of Secret Love and Jealous Fury. "An American doctor's bride," they go on feverishly, "fears more than bombs the 'other woman,' who dares death to stay at his side." The critic quoted in the paragraph above this one says it seemed terribly silly to her. Take your pick. —W. G.

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the Internal Revenue Code, Section 162*(*d*) (*1*)]

(*1*) *Amounts distributable out of income or corpus.* In cases where the amount paid, credited, or to be distributed can be paid, credited, or distributed out of other than income, the amount paid, credited, or to be distributed (except under a gift, bequest, devise, or inheritance not to be paid, credited, or distributed at intervals) during the taxable year of the estate or trust shall be considered as income of the estate or trust which is paid, credited, or to be distributed if the aggregate of such amounts so paid, credited, or to be distributed does not exceed the distributable income of the estate or trust for its taxable year. If the aggregate of such amounts so paid, credited, or to be distributed during the taxable year of the estate or trust in such cases exceeds the distributable income of the estate or trust for its taxable year, the amount so paid, credited, or to be distributed to any legatee, heir, or beneficiary shall be considered income of the estate or trust for its taxable year which is paid, credited, or to be distributed in an amount which bears the same ratio to the amount of such distributable income as the amount so paid, credited, or to be distributed to the legatee, heir, or beneficiary bears to the aggregate of such amounts so paid, credited, or to be distributed to legatees, heirs, and beneficiaries for the taxable year of the estate or trust. For the purposes of this paragraph "distributable income" means either (A) the net income of the estate or trust computed with the deductions allowed under subsections (b) and (c) in cases to which this paragraph does not apply, or (B) the income of the estate or trust minus the deductions provided in subsections (b) and (c) in cases to which this paragraph does not apply, whichever is the greater. In computing such distributable income the deductions under subsections (b) and (c) shall be determined without the application of paragraph (2).

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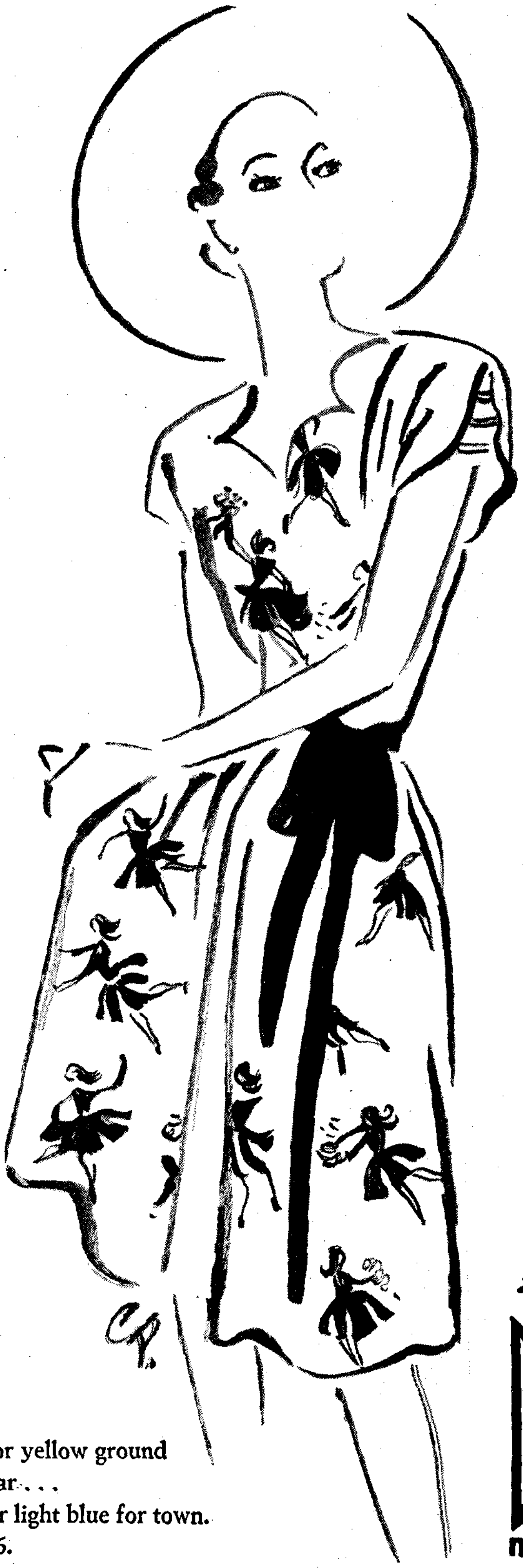

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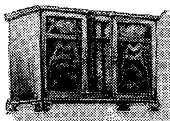

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CROSSING THE VOLTURNO

"WE never knew until we were across the goddam bridge," said the staff sergeant with the red sea horse of the amphibian engineers on his jacket. "Then somebody says, 'You crossed the Volturno, boys,' and two guys out of three didn't know what the hell he was saying. It was strictly a psychological deal, strictly psychological."

"What do you mean, psychological?" the technical sergeant asked, smiling at the Frenchwoman behind the bar in the little café. She was small and blond, and her hair looked bright even in the thickening darkness of the evening. Outside, a rain from the Channel, heavy and cold, was blowing through the chill darkness of northern France.

"Strictly correct, boy, strictly correct," said the sergeant with the sea horse on his jacket. He lifted his foot, encased in a combat boot, and kicked a little white dog into a corner at one end of the bar. "Get in that corner, you little bastard," he said to the dog. He had a high, shrill voice. "Tough little bastard," he said to the technical sergeant. "Wants to fight everybody he sees."

The dog curled up against the bar. The sergeant with the sea horse blinked at the madame behind the bar and waved a short, hard hand toward the technical sergeant.

"Give my friend *la même chose*," he said, opening his jacket and searching for his wallet. "*La même chose pour moi aussi.*"

"*Ah, oui*," said the blond French madame, raising an eyebrow at the technical sergeant, who smiled with sober understanding and took a long sip from the glass in front of him.

"You speak French?" the technical sergeant asked.

"I was in Africa," the sea-horse sergeant said. "I was in Sicily, Italy, and Normandy. I speak French, Italian, Arab, Scotch. *La même chose.* My name's Yates, A. C. Yates."

The technical sergeant didn't offer his name. They didn't bother to shake hands. Yates reached over and whacked the dog several times with a hard red palm, pounding the thin head with fierce, drunken gestures of affection.

"Alternating-Current Yates, Always Careful Yates," the sea-horse sergeant said. "Just get that last name right, and you'll get it right. I like you, boy. You got a wicked face. Yates is the name, Sergeant, from Memphis, Tennessee."

A Frenchman with a black cap and a torn raincoat opened the door and came in with a spotted dog, which timidly nosed the floor toward the little white dog.

"You better keep your bitch away from that white dog," the sea-horse sergeant said. He was talking fast and breathlessly. "He's a mean little bastard, *monsour*."

"He doesn't understand a word you're saying," the technical sergeant said, winking at the woman behind the bar. She put cognac carefully into a clean glass before him.

"Don't he, now?" said Yates. "Look at him pull that dog away."

The little white dog stood on stiff legs and edged forward. Yates reached down and pushed him back into the corner.

"There we was in Italy," Yates said, as if he had heard a question. "We was across the Volturno—that was the toughest river to cross in Italy—and we didn't even know we done it. It was so goddam dark we couldn't even show a light, and all we had was two little tracks across this pantoon bridge that the engineers built."

"You're an engineer yourself, aren't you?" the technical sergeant asked, looking at the sea horse on the jacket.

"I'm a trucker," Yates said. "I always been a trucker, here and there. Right now I got a bunch of trucks down in the harbor, unloading stuff. You seen 'em, going in and out."

"I've seen 'em," the technical sergeant said. He tried to get the blond woman's eye and couldn't. She flickered her glance over him, and he looked straight back, and missed.

"No, I never been an engineer," Yates said. "But I been attached to the engineers and I know a lot of those boys. I know which engineers built that bridge over the Volturno, all right. I knew it, the way it shook when we went across."

"All those pontoon bridges shake some," the technical sergeant said, rubbing a finger slowly down the side of his glass and smiling at the Frenchwoman.

"There was one more M. P. on the other side of that bridge, and he says, 'Don't show no lights,' and a couple of kraut shells come over, and he says, 'You can see why.' Then we was past the M. P.s and there wasn't anybody ahead but the Joes that was fighting the war."

The little white dog sneaked out and made a dash for the spotted dog, which had gone to sleep on the floor. Yates caught the white dog, and the small head turned, snarling, toward him. He tossed the dog into the air and it slammed against the bar.

"He's a mean bastard," Yates said. "Like me. He'll try to get away with any goddam thing. You got to watch him every minute."

The technical sergeant dug into a pocket and came up with his wallet. He looked around the café. The Frenchman and the sea-horse sergeant were the only customers there. He nodded to the madame.

"*Cognac pour tout le monde*," he said loudly.

Immediately the Frenchman in the torn raincoat extended his empty glass. Outside, a heavy truck banged along in the rain on the pitted road from the Channel, its headlights glaring into the rusted wreckage of the buildings across the street. There were no complete houses on that side.

"Look at that, now," Yates said, pounding the bar suddenly with his thick red fists. "You got to have lights. You got to have some kind of lights. Even where we was, over the Volturno. I had the lead truck in the convoy and I couldn't see a foot. So I turned on my lights and drove like hell and the rest come along behind me."

The truck swayed around a curve and disappeared.

"See that?" Yates said. "See that? Now, how could he tell what was on that curve if he didn't have his lights?" He reached for his glass. "I had to turn on my lights. I couldn't see, and we was carryin' ammo, and I had to get there fast, and there was infantry on that road. I was always afraid of that—runnin' over some doughfoot in the goddam dark."

"Well, you made it all right."

"Sure, we made it," Yates said, watching the little white dog. "We just made it, boy. We dumped our loads and we got out of our trucks to take a stretch and the kraut shells started comin' over and we hit the ground. They knew where we was and they dropped shells all around there, careful and slow. But they didn't get a one of us. That wasn't their time. They was late."

There was a heavy, thundering crash; it seemed to come from near the harbor. Yates and the technical sergeant turned and stared through the damp window, but in the cold darkness they could see only a blaze of lights in the sheds built by the engineers.

"Sounded like maybe one of your boys might've hit something that time,"

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the technical sergeant said, after a minute.

"There's a lot of crazy bastards that take chances," Yates said, putting down his glass. "I got to go and check up on my goddam trucks. Look, boy, I think I seen you down in Italy or Africa somewhere."

"No," the technical sergeant said. "I never saw the Volturno."

"I never, either," Yates said. "When I got across, when I got past that last M.P., I turned on my lights. I had to do it. You get to a place where you can't see nothing, you got to have some lights."

He bent over slowly and picked up the white dog and cradled him under his right arm.

"You seen Madeleine around tonight?" Yates said softly, speaking to the Frenchwoman. "That black-haired girl?"

The woman shook her head. "*Madeleine? Madeleine?*" she said. "*Non. Ah, non.*"

"I'm going to take you with me, boy," Yates said sharply to the dog, clasping the shivering white face in his short, tough fingers. "I'm going to take you with me back to Memphis, Tennessee." Then he stopped and cocked his head. "You hear a train, Sergeant?" he asked.

"There's no more trains in or out of this town till tomorrow morning," the technical sergeant said.

Yates turned again, and shaped his lips in an odd way, and a long, shrill moan came from his mouth, like the sound of a train whistle in the night, a fast train whistling at a road crossing or plunging into a tunnel.

"That's the train to Memphis," Yates said. "That's the train I'm going to ride when I get off that boat. Good night, Sergeant. I like you, boy. You got a wild and wicked face. Good night, madame, good night, *monsour.*" He went out into the rainy, pitted street with the dog under his arm, and when he shut the door the glass in it vibrated. As Yates walked down the hill toward the harbor, the technical sergeant heard the quivering whistle, swift and high, of a train hurrying in the darkness of the distant country always remembered, the southern land.

—Frank K. Kelly

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the News*]

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

A CHANGE of heart has come over that second-floor spot in Bonwit Teller called Corner on Gifts. The place has been all but stripped of the plushy Victoriana which used to be its mainstay, to make room for a rather pleasant lot of fairly Early American furniture and miscellaneous decorations. Pains have been taken to have the new collection in fine condition, good looks and a good state of preservation counting for at least as much as antiquity. Each of the small panes of wavy old glass in the top doors of a pine cupboard, for instance, is intact, and the four H hinges all match. A barber's shaving-mug cabinet in well-rubbed dark oak (a nice thing to display a collection of small ornaments in) has intricate carved borders from which not even one small scallop has been broken off. The piece is a large one and can stand on its own base, or you could build it into a wall.

The shop has also tried its hand at adapting various aged items to some degree of present-day usefulness. A spinning wheel has been converted into a floor lamp by the addition of a light socket and a shade on a pole, and what was once a tool trough, an attractive thing mounted on hatchet-handle legs, is now a chairside stand for books, magazines, or needlework. A magazine rack, or, if you prefer, a fireside woodbox, has been made out of an old wooden cradle. Even Bonwit, however, has been unable to do anything with a wooden tricycle; it's yours, as is, for $95.

NOT to be outdone by the fifth-floor barnyard at Macy (where live ponies are the latest addition to a domestic zoo that already had chickens, rabbits, puppies, and goats), the store's Corner Shop has broken out a collection of glazed ceramic creatures for garden decoration, the like of which hasn't been much in evidence since 1939, when such things stopped coming over from Brittany. The whole assortment, which offers such old favorites as life-size pigeons, hens, turkeys, foxes, bunnies, and spitting, arched-back cats, was supposedly discovered in some old barn by a Macy scout, no doubt disguised as a Yosian. Some figureheads from old sailing vessels, turned up by another scout, or maybe the same one, are also offered as garden trimmings. They have been painted white and should be fairly breathtaking in moonlight.

Peter Hunt, who is apt to paint decorations on any wooden object that he gets his hands on, has contributed a few items to the Corner Shop's garden collection, too, among them some scarecrows—giant wooden affairs decorated with small over-all designs that give the effect of tattooing. They're enough to scare anybody. Old decoy ducks, ornamented to their bills in the Hunt manner, are more to my liking—pleasant, useless creatures to set about on the terrace flagstones.

THOSE little shops along the midtown reaches of Third Avenue have a new neighbor which calls itself, rather insistently, Decorative Décor. It's at No. 573 (38th) and its specialty is screens. The place has done quite a job of teaching an old dog new tricks. One is the insertion of slim panels, not so much as a foot wide, between panels of regulation width to give a screen much greater flexibility and to make it steadier on its feet. Another is the use of glass panels dressed up with a modern, rather Daliesque version of découpage; since most of the work here is custom (there are only a few ready-made screens on hand), the cutouts can follow the most unlimited flights of fancy. One framework screen has a spangled opalescent mesh stretched across its open panels; the whole thing shimmers and glows and is just as theatrical as it sounds, but it could be a pleasantly spectacular trick for a modern room. In another framework item, white ninon curtains, gathered at top and bottom, fill in the open space above the dado-like base of each panel. The effect is pure French Boudoir. Then there is a hobbyist's screen in which shadow boxes to hold bibelot collections are hung, one above the other, in open panels. Prices range from about $12 a panel for rather conventional wallpaper screens to $40 or so for such things as the découpage glass panels. —B. B.

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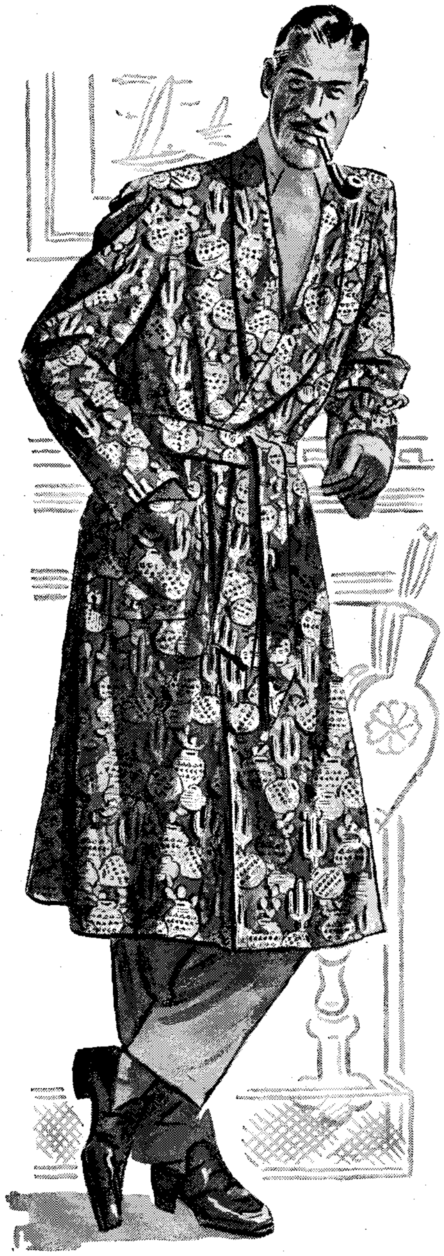
Moscow—With a simple apparatus which he has invented, Prof. V. V. Tugarinov is always present in the air.—*Detroit News.*

Ah, there, Professor!



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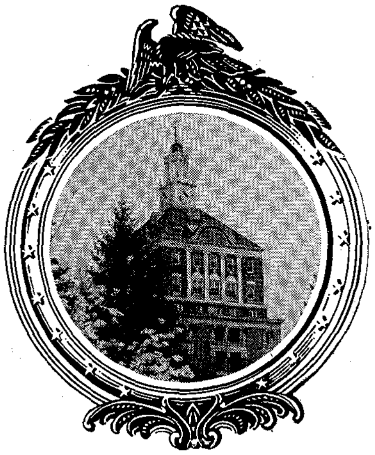

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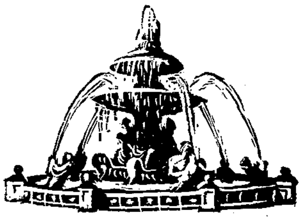
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 24 (BY WIRELESS)

NOW that not only Paris but all Europe is liberated, it seems reasonable to view Paris as what is left, after another plague of German war, of the city that was once the civilized, intellectual capital of so-called French Europe. Paris is not gay; it is restless, anxious, cantankerous, and probably convalescent. The theatres are packed; the shops and groceries are still empty. Parisians either have money to throw away and little to throw it away on, or they have next to nothing and manage to live on it. There are three classes: first, the formerly comfortable *rentier* class, with incomes that now buy a tenth what they did; second, the working class, which, with the highest wages in French history, is now striking all over France for increased wages to meet increasing prices (in the northern coal mines, however, where production had fallen off anyway because the miners were on a vegetable diet, the strikes are really to get meat); and third, the inflation-money class, both new rich and old rich, who are part of the financial phenomenon of accruing cheap millions and scarce goods the way floating leaves and logs are part of the phenomenon of a river in flood. Class No. 3 looks, so far, like the class of survivors.

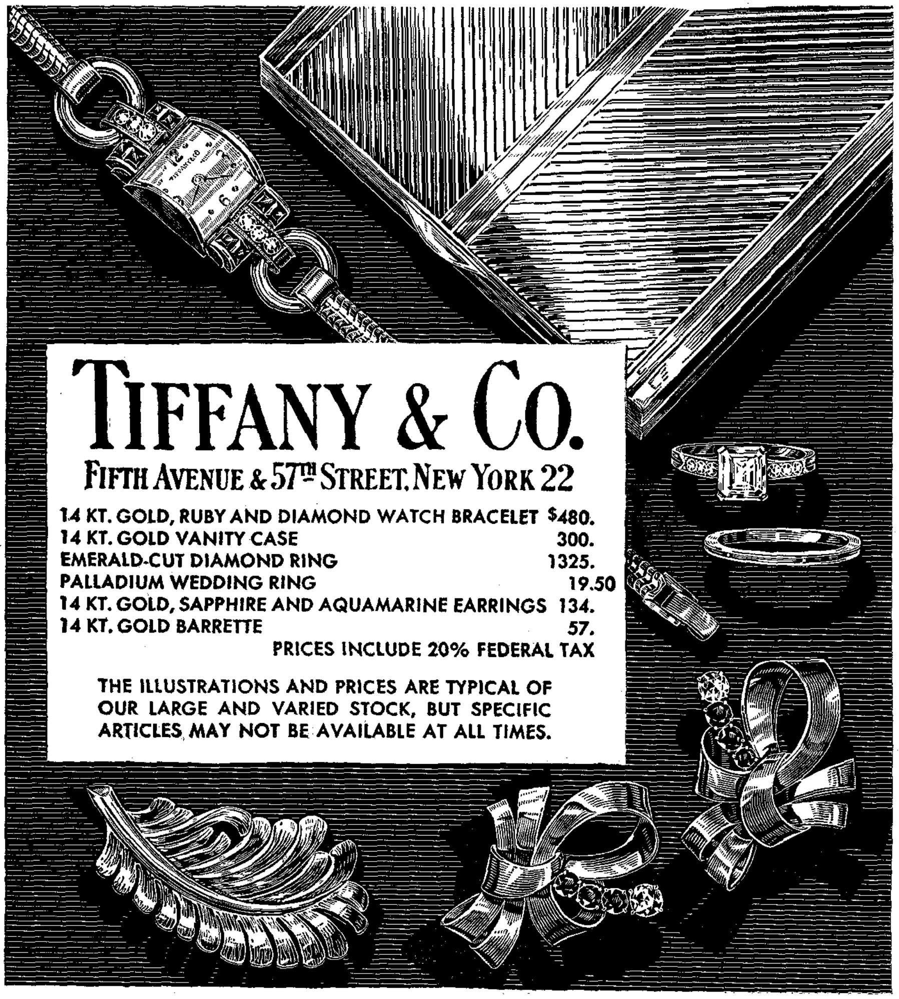


Next month the government plans to call in most of the current banknotes in exchange for a new issue and then, it is reported, will allow each adult to spend only six thousand francs and each child only three thousand francs a month. The Finance Minister thus proposes officially to copy the recently announced Belgian plan to check inflation and unofficially to eliminate the billions of German-printed occupation francs that Fifth Columnists are supposed to be viciously circulating. Already there is a run on ten-franc notes, which the government is not going to bother to pick up. Energetic petty financiers are collecting them by the handful, and in country towns, where shopkeepers refuse to make change, notes for a hundred francs, let alone a thousand, are refused as if they were counterfeit. Those in France who have the cheap millions are trying hard to spend them, because the confiscation of illicit occupation fortunes is still a big reform item on the resistance political program and because the resistance element, led by the Communists and the Socialists, swept into office in the recent French municipal elections. No one wants to invest money, because nationalization of industry is the other big reform on the resistance program. As the French say, *l'argent n'est plus sérieux.* Money has indeed become silly. A widow who owns a not very lively backroads inn close enough to Paris to have served succulent black-market Sunday dinners is rushing the transformation of her inn's untidy front lawn, where her goat used to graze, into a two-million-franc sunken rose garden. Her conscience may not be clear, but at least her till will be, if the law steps in to look, and, more important, what she spends this month she won't have to exchange next month for the new money, which, sight unseen, has already frightened everyone.

One can try to translate these facts, these fancies, these diminished francs, and this image of Paris itself into the American scene. New York and the Waldorf Towers have been occupied for four years by the Nazis and the *Hauptkommandant,* respectively. A ten-cent dollar is about to turn into a new greenback, which may not even be green. Saks-Fifth Avenue is open but hasn't a trunkful of merchandise on the whole first floor. A steak dinner at a shady chophouse costs you twenty dollars a plate, and your kid brother, a Princeton freshman a couple of years ago, has just returned, a shaved-head scarecrow, from a concentration camp. Above all, there is the sensation of shock now that peace has finally come, like a stupendous noise long and tensely waited for. If one makes these transpositions, one gets some idea of what Paris is like.

THE first new American movie to reach film-famished Paris was "Mrs. Miniver," whose sweetness and light were given a peculiar twist by the fact that the opening night was a gala charity affair to raise money for the sick, sad women returning from the concentration camp of Ravensbrück. The only other big American movie that has been seen since the liberation is Charlie Chaplin's "The Dictator," which Paris, after four years of one, did not find funny. Maurice Chevalier has been packing the midtown ABC, which is again offering, as before the war, picked night-club talent on a music-hall basis. Ciro's has been taken over as a private night club by French officers, who, since the Americans and British have taken over everything else, had to have some place to go. Ciro's has the best entertainment in town, including old, familiar faces like the fabulous Charles Trénet and the fascinating Piaf and her tough songs. Ciro's best newcomer is Mme. Anna Marley, the guitarist who wrote the famous official resistance marching song, "Les Partisans," and who would probably be a hit with New York's Ruban Bleu crowd. Her voice and tunes are simple, and the pure, whimsical poetry of her lyrics makes her the modern troubadour of France. Her best songs, records of some of which have just been sent to New York, are "Paris, sur Les Routes de Provence," "La Complainte," which is a patriotic heartbreaker, "Les Prisonniers," and especially "Le Dimanche des Rameaux," which is as good as a good anonymous folk song. Her lyrics are full of striking or lovely phrases—"Paris is an ancestor, made by a Frenchman; each paving stone is a monument. Courage, sing the twigs and the sky. In the gardens of France we will seat ourselves and sing of France. I will see my mother sooner than I thought, and you your liberty," and the prisoner's message: "It is good to have outlived death." Mme. Marley has just been invited by Miss Mary Churchill, recently here, to go to sing in London before the Prime Minister, because "Daddy will like your songs."

There is hardly a known name among the polyglot concert singers, violinists, and pianists who have flocked to Paris as the capital of liberation, but the famous names of tomorrow are probably among them. The only new big name Paris learned during the occupation was Wilhelm Kempf, the German pianist. The only big French name lately rejoiced in here was that of Mme. Ninon Vallin, her sixty-year-old voice as effective as ever in a modest Fauré program at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, which is as big as a circus. Seats for the Paris Symphony concerts have been sold out since last autumn. Politics has created a new rivalry and some squabbles between partisans of the Conservatoire orchestra's leader, Charles Munsch, the Alsatian who conducted in Paris during the occupation, and partisans of the Concert Colonne's leader, Paul Paray, who conducted in Vichy France as a musical member of the Midi resistance. Paray's partisans tear Munsch's ads



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off the Métro walls, but Munsch has the popular platform manner. Both are good conductors and nothing more.

The Opéra has suffered, but it has gained, too. In "Lakmé," whose English character, Miss Benson, became Mlle. Pinson on the Opéra program under the Nazis, and whose British officers, Gerald and Frederick, slunk around singing in strictly composite military uniforms, all personages have been restored to their national dignity. There's a new, Basque Boris Godunoff, Henri Etcheverry, and the father-confessor scene in this opera, usually cut, has been reinstated to give more scope to Germaine Hoerner's brilliant voice in the rôle of Marina. Since you can't mention the Opéra now without adding something about how the singers conducted themselves when, it's a pleasure to be able to say that when a Nazi officer presented himself at Hoerner's dressing room and heiled, she answered by making the sign of the cross. Apparently the occupation's greatest operatic novelty was the Nazis' command performances early last summer at the Comique, with Germaine Lubin as the star in Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," which commemorated the composer's eightieth birthday. Mme. Lubin played the antique rôle in the seventeenth-century, or Louis XIV Greek, tradition, with fan, feathers, a handkerchief in her hand, and her noted plasticity. Her disappearance from the Opéra is one of its acute musical losses and proper political purges, for she had accepted an invitation to sing Isolde as a fêted guest of honor at the reopening of the bombed-out Berlin Opera, an engagement which the R.A.F. then cancelled forever. Since giving up singing, this best and most beautiful Wagnerienne of the Paris Opéra, and of all Europe, has spent three months in the camp at Drancy and the prison at Fresnes. The Opéra's second great artistic loss and political purge is the ex-Diag-

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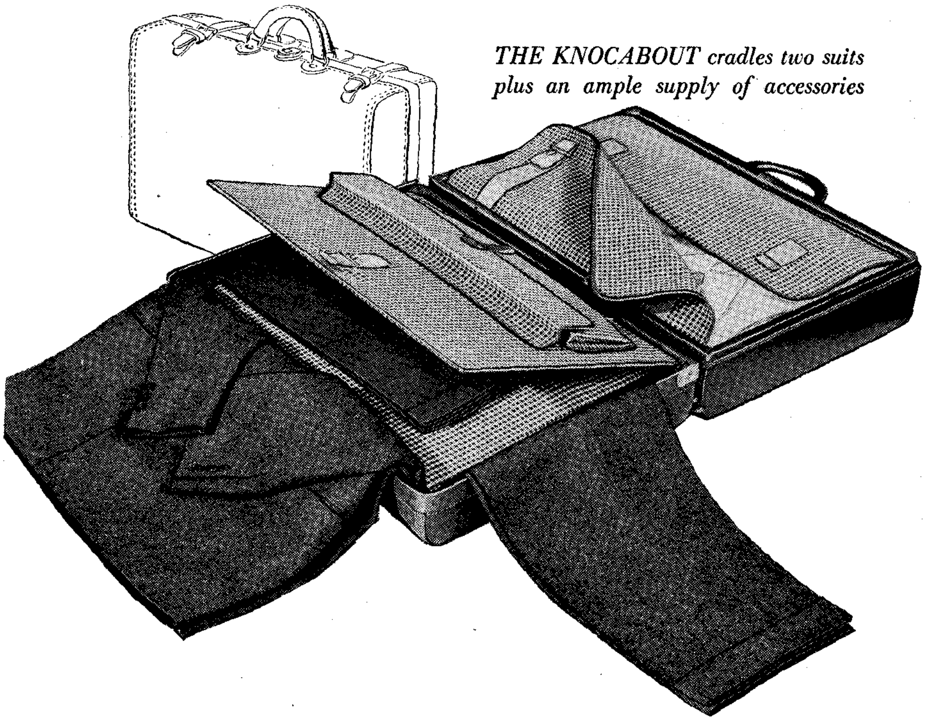
hilev dancer Serge Lifar. With him were thrown out all those ballets featuring his choreography, the most spectacular examples of prewar modernism in the repertory. Among them are his occupation chef-d'œuvre, "Les Animaux Modèles," from La Fontaine's "Fables," with music by Poulenc. This last clean sweep has strengthened the public's faith in the Opéra but has weakened the Opéra's ballet Wednesday nights, which have been held over from occupation—the Nazis' only pleasant new idea.

There are also new faces and voices at the Opéra. One is its new *grande vedette*, Geori Boué, from the Toulouse Opéra, a scintillating soprano with pretty little meridional hands and feet, who sings in "Faust" and "Thaïs." Janine Micheau is a rarer bird, with what French musicologues call "incomparable purity and sonority." She is slightly *mélancolique* as a performer, which makes her good in "Lakmé" and less so in the gay "Barber of Seville." There is a new contralto, Suzanne Le Fort, a northern girl whose Amneris is like thunder and who has a natural gift of voice and looks besides. As for the men in the Opéra, there is an anguishing lack of tenors.

A REMARKABLE and terrible French film called "Le Corbeau" ("The Crow"), which was made here during the occupation and has since been banned, is occasionally shown privately and should be seen in New York for two reasons: It is one of the half-dozen greatest French films ever made and it is one of the subtlest, most sinister propaganda jobs the Nazis achieved. The film was perfectly and intelligently written, acted, and directed, by important French artists, who alone—and with what insane naïveté—could have created such an authentic, heartbreaking, and horribly Gallic report of provincial French tragedy. It was produced by the German Continental Films, which never showed it in France but exported it to Germany, where a new title, "Eine Kleine Stadt" ("A Small Town"), and appropriate publicity passed it off to the Teuton public as the lowdown on those decadent French. The story deals with anonymous poison-pen letters. They promote an outbreak of local tragedies and unrest—adultery, enforced chastity, suicide, murder, a town riot, a political scandal, and a first-class provincial funeral. The picture contains some magnificent genre scenes, among them a billiard game and conversation at the local club, a sermon by a



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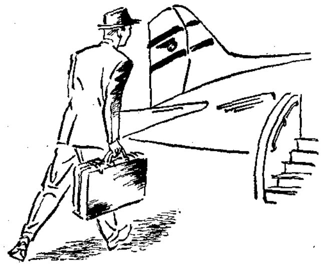

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bearded missionary priest in the local Gothic church, and a dialogue between doctors on good and evil. Libidos, complexes, fixations, abortions, morphinomania, and the general morbid intellectual air of the small-town hospital in which the tale is centered and whose doctors are its chief male protagonists provide the film's extraordinary quality and the Nazi satisfactions. The dialogue and photography are to the life, but the talented French brain that concocted the ultra-French script (obviously based on the poison-pen trial at Tulle years ago) is not listed among the screen credits. "Le Corbeau" was brilliantly directed by Henri Clouzot and stars the cold-minded Pierre Fresnay, as a young doctor, and Pierre Larquey, as an old one. Larquey gives a superlative performance as graphologist, morphinomaniac sage, town pillar, and impotent elderly villain. No coherent public statement has been made to explain how such fine French intelligence could have lent itself to the making of "Le Corbeau," which lent itself so easily to Berlin. The film is a sort of three-way historical document—a masterpiece of French art and of Nazi propaganda and a symbolic enigma of the occupation.

A half-dozen other French occupation films—there are as yet no liberation films, owing to the fact that gelatin has not been liberated—have just been sent as divertissements to the San Francisco Conference, and some of them will probably have New York showings. Of these, the most impressive and special is Jean Cocteau's "Eternel Retour," which is a modernized "Tristram and Iseult," with an up-to-date middle-aged French uncle, his sinister sister, his bad dwarf nephew, his beautiful good nephew, and two girls, both called Natalia (one brunette and one blond), all living in the avuncular country château and neighboring island on the Atlantic coast of France. Here unrolls once more, under Cocteau's unique, super-talented touch, the old King Mark drama of the young emissary, the elderly bridegroom, the fatal youthful love, and the magic of humanity's malice, desires, and losses, all swivelled in a newly set up mechanism by the most inventive brain in France. The film is an extremely successful tour de force, but it is weakened by the abuse of the beauty of Jean Marais as the anachronistic Tristram, who even speeds toward his love on a motorcycle. The second most remarkable of this group of pictures is "Les Anges du Péché" ("Angels of Sin"), made from a story by the late Jean Giraudoux, one of the real talents of

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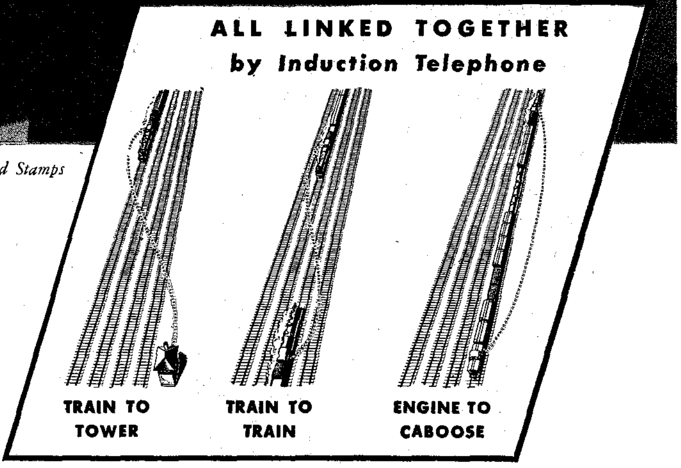

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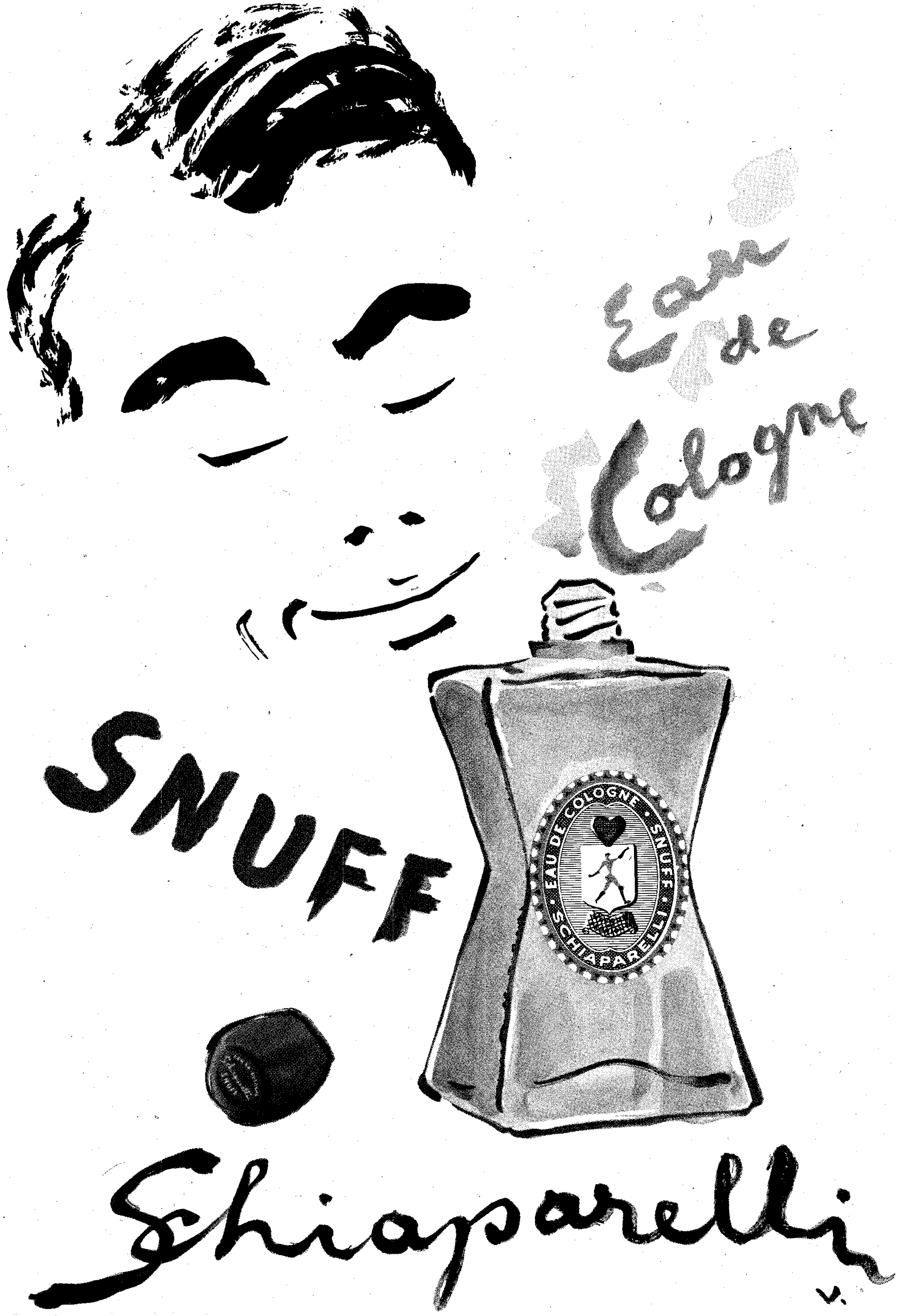
Eau de Cologne
SNUFF
EAU DE COLOGNE
SNUFF
SCHIAPARELLI
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V.

Paris. It's a film of women only, set in a convent and dealing delicately with the salvation of bad women by good. "Visiteurs du Soir," another of this group, is typical of Prevert, who directed "Le Quai des Brumes." One of the evening's visitors is the devil.

The film hit of Paris right now is "Les Enfants du Paradis," meaning the gallery gods, or those who see cheaply and truly at a distance. This four-hour film boldly attempts to use the screen as Jules Romains has used his series of novels to cover our period. It's a lusty picture, which opens in the time of Louis-Philippe, in the social circle of Paris street-fair players and the curbstone demi-monde, and carries a set of characters and their counterparts in succeeding generations down into this century. The film is interesting principally for the performance by the star, Marcel Herrand, as a befurbelowed, get-rich-quick businessman of the Restoration, which is when France's *enrichissez-vous* trouble began.

One French film which probably won't be shown in America or even here is the novelist Malraux's "L'Espoir." French exhibitors frankly say there's no money in it. Malraux wrote the text and supervised the taking of the picture, which portrays what Europe, and probably America, now wants to forget—the losing Spanish Republican fight against El Caudillo Franco which started, years ago, what we finally girded ourselves to finish victoriously just this past month, 1945. —GENÊT

•

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: For the last four months I have been going with a girl whom I like very much, but every time we spend an evening at home she puts her head on my shoulder and falls into a deep sleep. That leaves me to spend the evening talking to her mother. But when the time comes for me to go home she wakes up and won't let me go.

Now can you tell me if she really loves me, or what? Or can you suggest any way I can keep her from falling asleep on me? B. H.—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

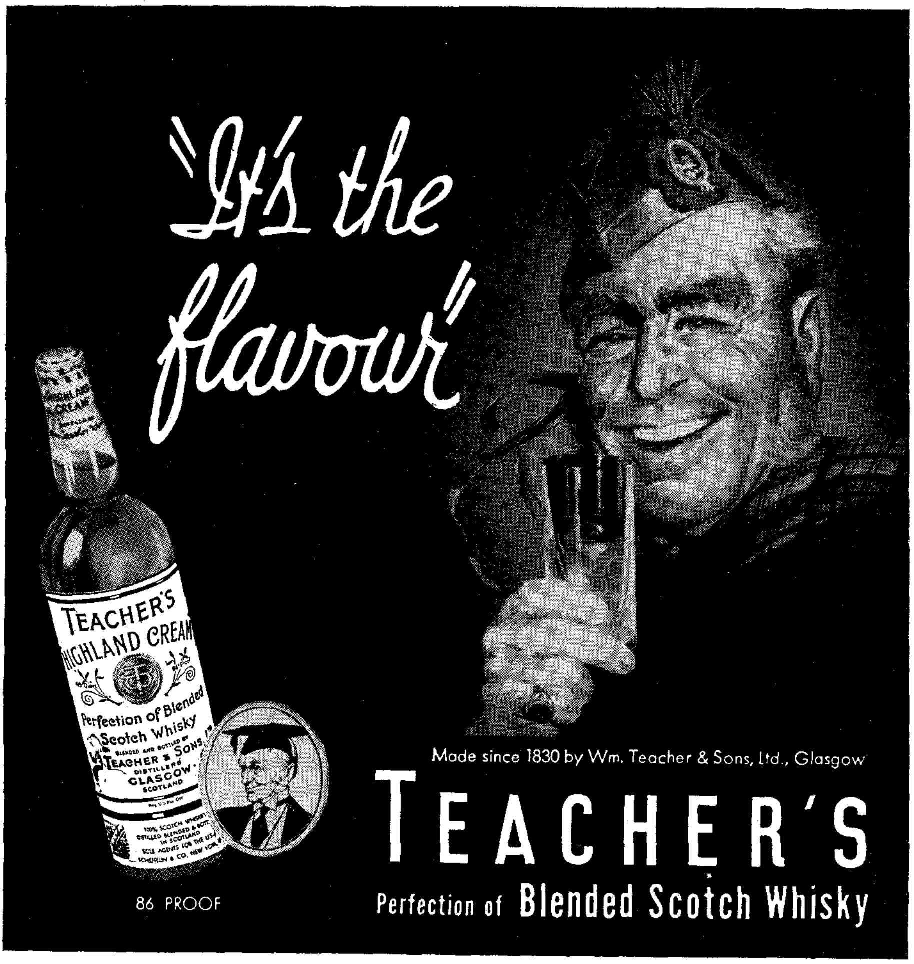
Ever try epaulettes?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Nation*]

Marguerite Young's first prose volume is repetitive, obscure, diffuse, overwritten, tiresomely obsessed with copulation and with analogical images of flowers, insects, and birds, scornful at many points of coherence, continuity, and form; yet it is a book of astonishing subtlety and brilliance, a genuine work of art . . .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OF ALL THINGS

ADMIRAL DOENITZ and most of the members of the German High Command have been relieved of their duties and sent to jail. Now they will all have plenty of time to write "Mein Kampf"s.

•

It is suspected that the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of works of art sequestered here and there in Germany by Goering may not have been acquired in an aboveboard manner. On the other hand, of course, he may have bought them quite honestly with stolen money.

•

Winston Churchill has resigned, but he will stay at his post until Great Britain finds a new man for the job. In fact, he may consent to *be* the new man, if strongly urged.

•

A Tokio broadcast announces that Japan is making preparations to continue the war for twenty years. It still seems possible, however, that the Japs will begin to see a little reason along about 1960.

•

Chinese forces have cleared the Japs out of a sizable stretch of the east coast. They are evidently trying to have everything in good shape for the opening of the tourist season.

•

Men who have reached the ripe age of thirty should not feel discouraged just because they are no longer wanted by the Army. If they take good care of themselves, these old gentlemen may still have years of usefulness in other walks of life.

•

Right now, the city that has the most critical manpower shortage is Washington. On Capitol Hill it is sometimes hard to find enough talkers to run a tariff argument.

•

Anybody who finds a large paper balloon lying around is advised by the Army to let it alone. It might be a token of disesteem from the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

•

A welcome visitor to our city last week was General Courtney H. Hodges. He made a brief stop here while hopping from war to war.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

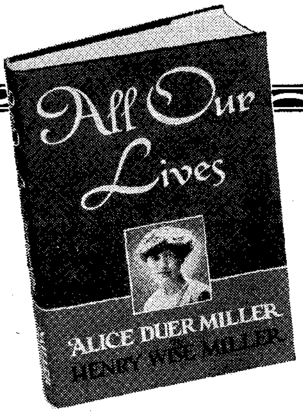
Notes from Purgatory

RICHARD BROOKS, in his first novel, "The Brick Foxhole" (Harper), has written one of the first so-called "realistic" pieces of fiction to come out of the war. It's a long way from being another "Three Soldiers," and an even longer way from being another "All Quiet," but since it marks the beginning of what will inevitably become a trend, it has a certain transitory importance. Mr. Brooks, in his book, tells the story of one of those soldiers who, drafted for the war, never leave the United States and spend most of their time fighting nothing more tangible than the frustration, boredom, and loneliness that make up the drab purgatory of barracks life. These shadowy enemies, as Mr. Brooks tries to show, can be almost as deadly as armed human ones, and, as far as that complicated set of balances and tensions known as morale is concerned, even more so. This is a good theme for a novel, and, since it must have occurred to any number of writers in the armed forces, a good novel may someday be written about it. The field is still wide open. Mr. Brooks, having come upon the theme, does little more than kick it around.

In his novel, Mr. Brooks takes his central character, a young artist named Jeff Mitchell, who worked in the Walt Disney studios before he got drafted, and tells what happens to him over a strange, nightmarish weekend. Jeff is a Marine stationed in Virginia and married to a girl named Mary. He hates his noncombatant status (he's a technician, drawing maps) and he hates Virginia. The book opens with him lying in his bunk, miserable and unhappy, sustained only by the thought of the fifteen-day furlough he will be getting shortly. Some of the other Marines, whom Jeff also hates (his hates take in a lot of territory), are shooting dice on the floor. They are also talking about women. One of them tells how another Marine, a fellow called Red, came back a hero from the Pacific and was able, as one of the incidental rewards of heroism, to have an affair with a young woman whose name was Mary. It is at this point, on page four, that Mr. Brooks' novel burns out a cylinder; the rattle thenceforward never stops. When Jeff hears the name of Mary, one which certainly must be borne by at least a few hundred thousand women in the United States, "he remained just as he was, his arm shielding his eyes but his mouth open like a hooked fish, his gills caught by the barb. . . . He wanted to leap down and make a heroic gesture of fighting. Fighting was the answer. The only answer. Even if beaten and bloodied he would feel better. He would begin by saying 'You're liars! . . . I don't want any of you to even mention her name!' . . . And then he would fight them . . . until they were all lying on the floor bloodied and apologetic. . . . Now was the time to fight! To get up and destroy the enemy, the hateful voices which sifted into his ears and dropped with a crash into his belly."

All this, I'm afraid, even by the relaxed standards used to judge first novels, is nothing but a lot of nonsense. Although Jeff shows many of the signs of a man headed for a psychoneurotic discharge, Mr. Brooks never once presents him as a psychoneurotic—in fact, there are times when the author seems to imply that Jeff is one of the few healthy-minded men in his outfit—and his peculiar behavior is too absurd for belief. It is no less absurd when Jeff does nothing to find out if the girl involved is the Mary he's married to, declines even to telephone his wife, and clings to his conviction that she has been unfaithful to him—a conviction, unfortunately, upon which all the rest of Mr. Brooks' book depends. Unless he had felt betrayed, Jeff would not have then gone to Washington for the weekend to drink himself into forgetting it; he would not have fallen in with Monty, a Marine ex-policeman who despises Jews, Negroes, foreigners, and civilians; he would not have become involved in the murder Monty commits and tries to pin on him; he would not have met the prostitute, Ginny, who is able to provide him with an alibi; his wife would not have been sent for by his friend, Keeley, another Marine, who does him an additional good turn by taking on Monty in a wild, hand-to-hand combat in which they are both killed; and, finally, his wife would not have turned up in Washington, just in time to bring the book to an end by deciding that "there was something else she had to prove to herself and to Jeff. That was the immediate thing. She would prove she was better than Ginny."

Somewhere in this nest of mechanical incident and contrived behavior is the plot of a novel—not a very good plot, and a plot that has nothing to do with the book Mr. Brooks started out to write, yet one which, if properly handled, might be turned into a passable melodrama. But Mr. Brooks, having lost his



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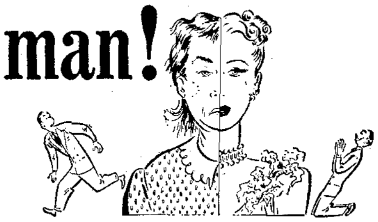

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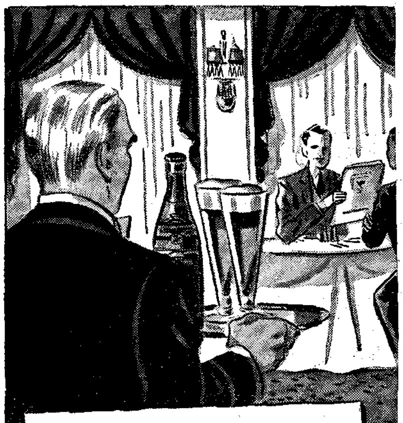
theme in the tangles of melodrama, loses his melodrama in the tangles of a lot of purely incidental issues—the issue of race prejudice, primarily. I suppose it is partly this that has led Richard Wright to commend Mr. Brooks' novel as being "slashing, shocking, and photographically exact." I didn't find it so. I found it confused, badly written, and full of a frantic striving to think large thoughts. (Example: "All she had to do was to get up and leave Jeff now. . . . But . . . the people in Greece would not stop starving because Jeff had gone to a prostitute. The jungles were as impassable as ever. The Jap soldiers were still savage butchers. Russia's plains would not stop bleeding because Jeff had done this. China still could not smile, and the ruins of London were still there.") Mr. Brooks' book, howsoever slashed and shocked it may leave others, merely left me wondering what all the excitement was about. It seemed to me that Jeff, instead of being the sensitive, admirable person that Mr. Brooks tries to make him, is a trivial and rather embarrassingly stupid young man, one who shows all the signs of having been so over-mothered in his childhood that he is as useless to himself as he is to others. It's too bad he has to be thrown into contact with so many harsh and ugly things, and Mr. Brooks has every right to feel sorry for him if he wants to, but I didn't feel sorry a bit. I didn't because he didn't seem real enough, or consequential enough, and because I couldn't ever believe in any of the things that are supposed to have happened to him. The trend toward realism, if it's going to produce any good books, will have to trend more realistically than this.

ARTHUR KOESTLER's collection of essays, "The Yogi and the Commissar" (Macmillan), is written from, rather than about, a kind of purgatory—the purgatory of a once confirmed Communist who, having broken with the faith, finds himself without a spiritual homeland. The papers in Mr. Koestler's volume, all of which reflect this divorcement (it's rather like a sickness) in one way or another, are divided into three sections—"Meanderings," a group of seven essays dealing in a general way with literature; "Exhortations," a group of five that discuss certain trends and problems related to the war; and "Explorations," a group of four that make up a long, critical examination of the Soviet Union. Mr. Koestler cannot be called a gentle essayist, and he demands that you pay careful attention to what he is say-



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ing, but there could hardly be a more reasonable demand. This is not because Mr. Koestler is always brilliant or profound (there are many times when he is neither) but because he is one of the few writers now doing business who have a real point of view, because he very definitely knows what the social score is, and because he is able, despite a vocabulary occasionally overburdened with the terminology of psychoanalysis, to write down his ideas more interestingly than most authors are able to write down their fiction. I can't think of a better combination.

—Hamilton Basso

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Wine of San Lorenzo, by Herbert Gorman (Farrar & Rinehart). A long, carefully documented historical novel with the Mexican War as a background. In addition to the romantic adventures of a young American who has been adopted by Santa Ana and brought up as a Mexican, there are some rousing episodes of battle and credible portraits of the important men on both sides. A story by a writer who combines a respect for history with a lively narrative style.

The Townsman, by John Sedges (Day). The author has his work cut out for him when he brings a numerous family of poor tenant farmers from England to this country just after the Civil War, settles them in Kansas, and follows the fortunes of each member through the usual pioneer hardships and some special emotional ones of their own. The story centers on a studious elder son who, when his parents move farther West, stays on to teach school and help build up the small settlement he lives in. He marries the wrong woman and is quietly unhappy until, in his old age, he finds contentment in realizing that he has become the great man of the now prosperous town. A novel that has the air of an authentic family chronicle.

Island 49, by Merle Miller (Crowell). A competent but undistinguished attempt to give fictional form to an intense battle experience—the taking by our troops of a small coral island in the Pacific. Mr. Miller is a good reporter and when he writes about fighting he is interesting. The story, though, is composed largely of flashbacks to the pasts of the officers and men, which do not add any signifi-

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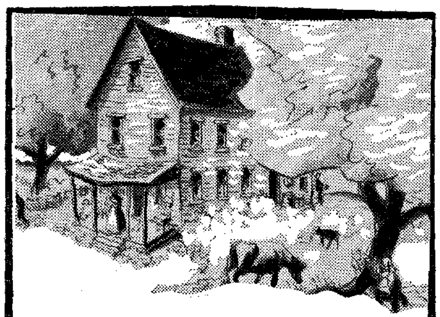

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- "I loved every—well, almost every page."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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cance to the narrative and really only give it a confused quality.

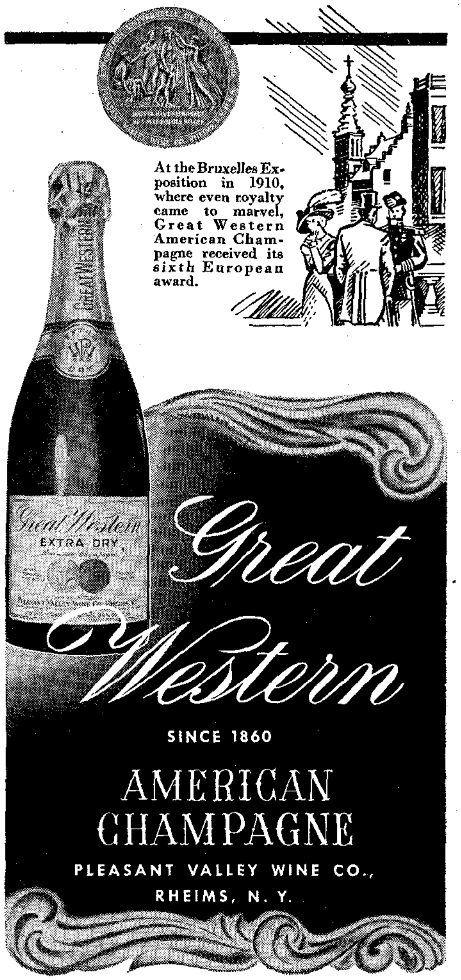
Years Before the Flood, by Marianne Roane (Scribner). An intimate picture of family life in a small German town between the two great wars. The visit of an American cousin is made the occasion for considerable neighborly festivity, during the course of which the already rotting fabric of German social life is examined carefully if without much penetration. Miss Roane, who has received one of the Avery Hopwood awards, writes rather better than the majority of the winners of these prizes, but that, unhappily, is only mild praise for this young novelist.

Youth Is the Time, by Robert Gessner (Scribner). Mr. Gessner pokes some not very gay fun at the faculty of a big city university very like N.Y.U. The author's picture of the student body, made up of sons and daughters of immigrants, is more sympathetic and much more credible. Nobody, except perhaps professors themselves, will argue that there aren't a lot of professorial stuffed shirts going around, but they aren't the *kind* of stuffed shirts Mr. Gessner has portrayed. And his solution of the problem of college education (he believes students should choose their subjects) is not as new or as sound as he seems to think. A thoroughly sincere but hardly a mature novel.

GENERAL

These Are the Russians, by Richard E. Lauterbach (Harper). An extended feature story about the Soviet Union by a Moscow correspondent for *Time* and *Life*. Mr. Lauterbach writes about such matters as the industrialization of Siberia, Soviet science, Stalin, the Red Army, and Russian foreign policy. He is an industrious reporter and knows how to assemble a feature story, but his attempt to "interpret" Russia is more an exercise in well-meaning earnestness than anything else. Some of Mr. Lauterbach's book is based on the information he gathered when he accompanied Eric A. Johnston on a tour of Russia, and anyone comparing Lauterbach's enthusiastic conclusions with those of W. L. White, who was also along, will find it hard to believe that they were visiting the same country.

The Best Is Yet . . . , by Morris L. Ernst (Harper). The jacket of Mr. Ernst's book calls it the reflections of an irrepressible man. His pages,



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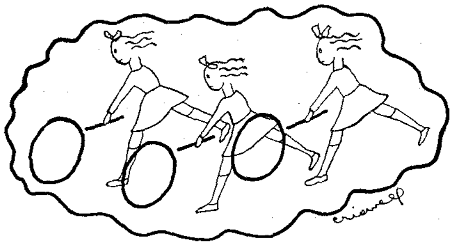
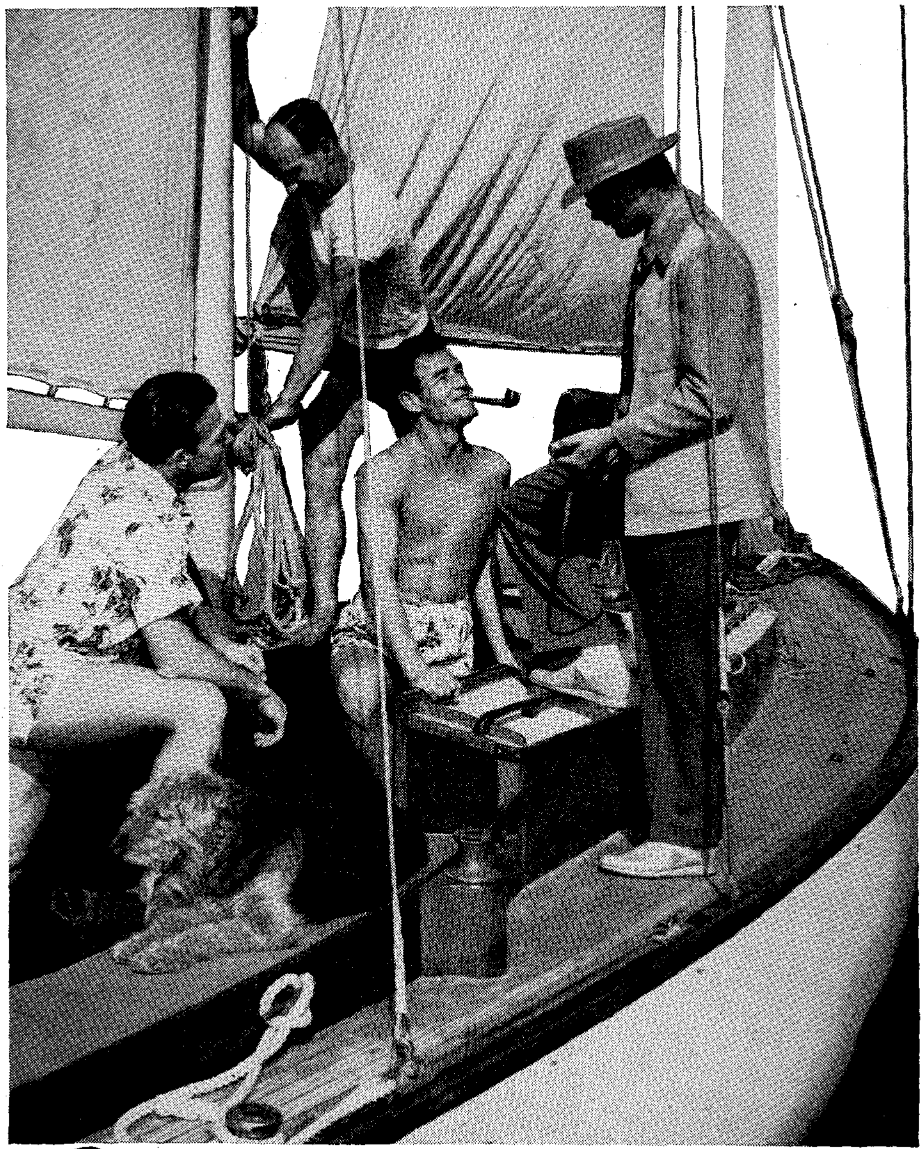
which bear this out, also bear out the truism—if it isn't a truism, it's time that it was—that irrepressibility is not enough. Mr. Ernst ranges far and wide, taking in the people he has known (such as Edna Ferber, Mayor LaGuardia, Henry Wallace, and Heywood Broun), the books he has helped save from suppression (such as "Ulysses" and Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming"), the things he likes to do (such as sailing off Nantucket and walking in the Alps), and other matters, such as New York City, race prejudice, Anglo-American relations, and England under the blitz. He says a few things worth saying, some things that make no difference one way or the other, and many things, dealing with his eating, drinking, sleeping, resting, working, and other habits, that need not have been said at all. It's hard to imagine that many readers will find Mr. Ernst half so interesting as he seems to find himself.

THE DOCTOR'S JOB, by Carl Binger (Norton). Dr. Binger, a practicing physician with an engaging bookside manner, writes warmly, pleasantly, and with much good sense about the doctor's place and function in the modern world. His conclusion is hardly revolutionary—the purpose of the doctor, he says, is to help sick people get well and to keep well people from getting sick—and his survey of the state of medicine and its related branches contains very little that is news. Many laymen, however, should find Dr. Binger's book, taken in chapters before retiring, a beneficial prescription.

MEN AT WORK, by Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler Chase (Harcourt, Brace). A slight, cursory, chatty consideration of certain ways and means—the T.V.A., for one—by which an attempt has been made to reconcile laissez-faire democracy with the technics and troubles of the machine age. Holding that a planned economy is an invitation to authoritarianism, Mr. Chase presents the thesis that technological progress is not incompatible with grass-roots democracy. It's a good



TRADITIONALLY CALIFORNIAN



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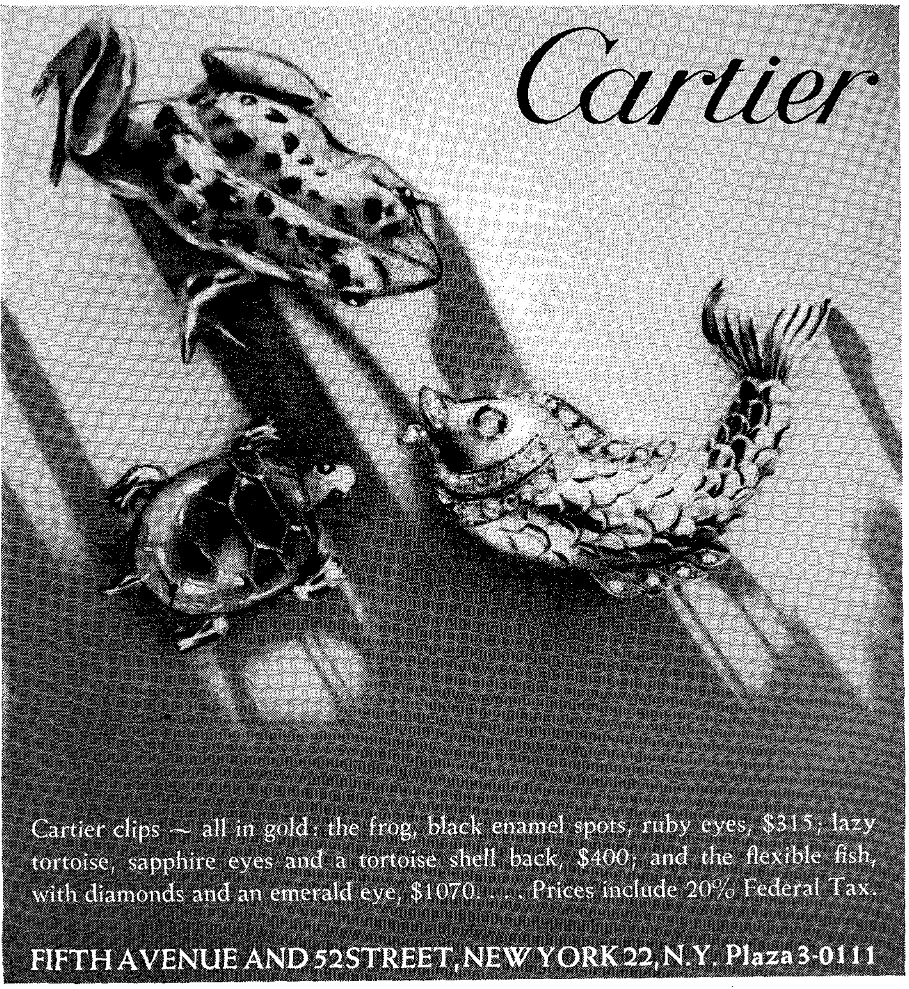

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thesis, but Mr. Chase, whose book is largely an expansion of articles written for the *Reader's Digest*, doesn't come anywhere near making full use of it.

No Passport for Paris, by Alice-Leone Moats (Putnam). Another series of adventures, this time in Franco Spain and Nazi-occupied France, by the lady journalist who seems out to establish herself as a Chanel-scented Quentin Reynolds. She is well on her way to turning the trick, as this book shows, but it does seem a rather curious ambition.

Woodrow Wilson: Selections for Today, edited by Arthur B. Tourtellot (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A gleaning of extracts from the public papers, speeches, and Presidential addresses of Woodrow Wilson, chosen for their bearing upon present-day America and the present-day world. These lines of Wilson's contain a great deal of prophecy and a great deal of pathos; in between the lines, there is also a surprisingly vivid picture of the man. Mr. Tourtellot, who must have gone through mountains of material, has done a careful, understanding, intelligent job.

A Book about the Bible, by George Stimpson (Harper). A Biblical ask-me-another, composed of nearly five hundred pages of questions and answers, put together by a Washington correspondent who has apparently been doing research on the Bible ever since Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House. Anybody who doesn't know what language Adam spoke, what a joseph is, whether the Bible mentioned a league of nations, why the patriarchs lived so long, and whether a whale can swallow a man whole is now able to learn about these matters, along with a lot of other things, and enjoyably, too.

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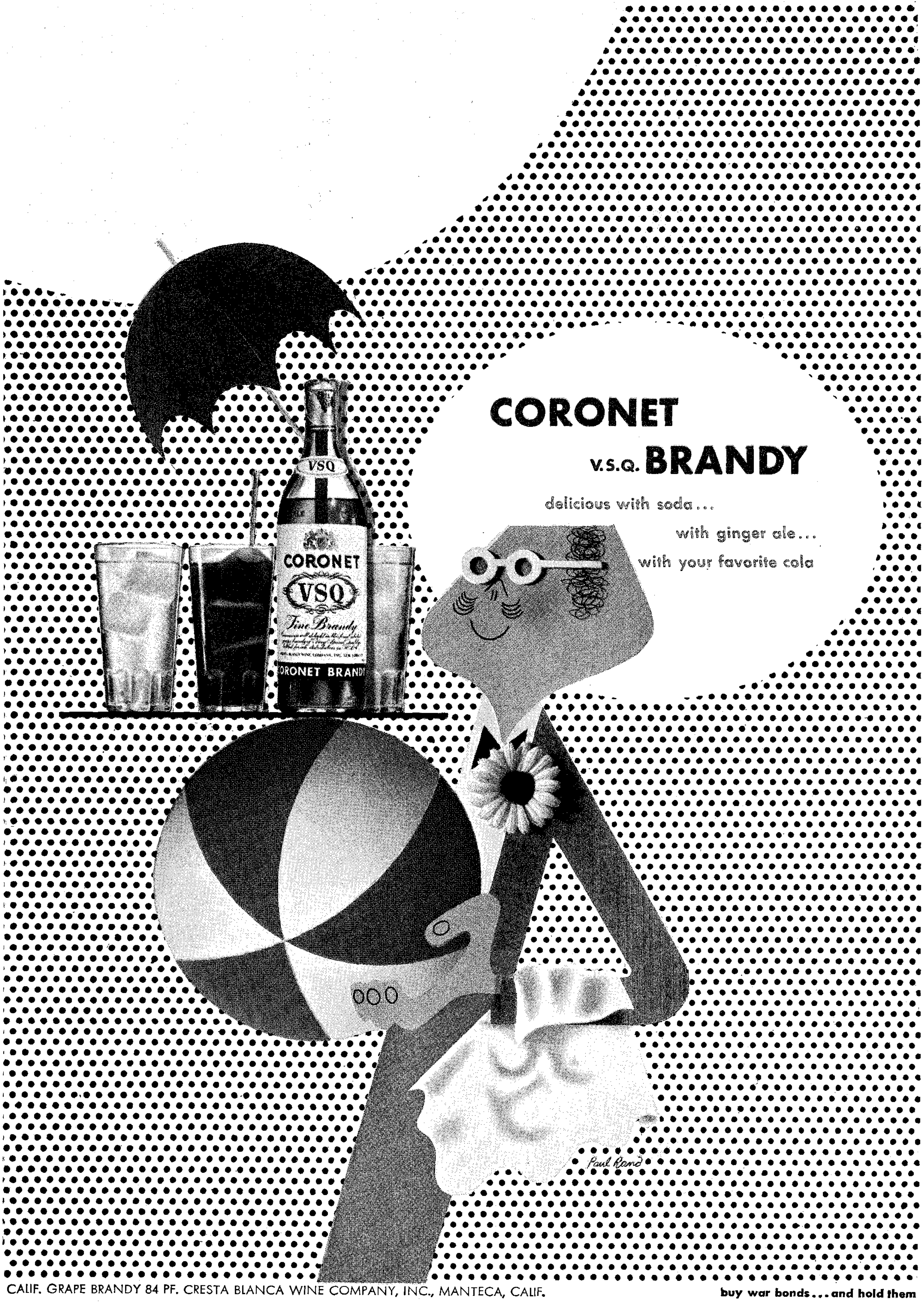
UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Picture caption in the National Geographic, December, 1928*]

From this tiny promontory of St. Bartholomä the traveler undertakes the ascent of the Watzmann, a peak which in local legend personified a cruel ruler of Berchtesgaden who one day wantonly set his dogs upon a peasant woman and her baby. As the dogs tore at the child, the ruthless monarch trampled the distracted mother beneath his horse's hoofs. Her husband, a helpless witness to the tragedy, called down the curse of Heaven on the monster. Immediately there was a terrible earthquake and King Watzmann was turned to stone, where he remains today, a warning to all cruel men.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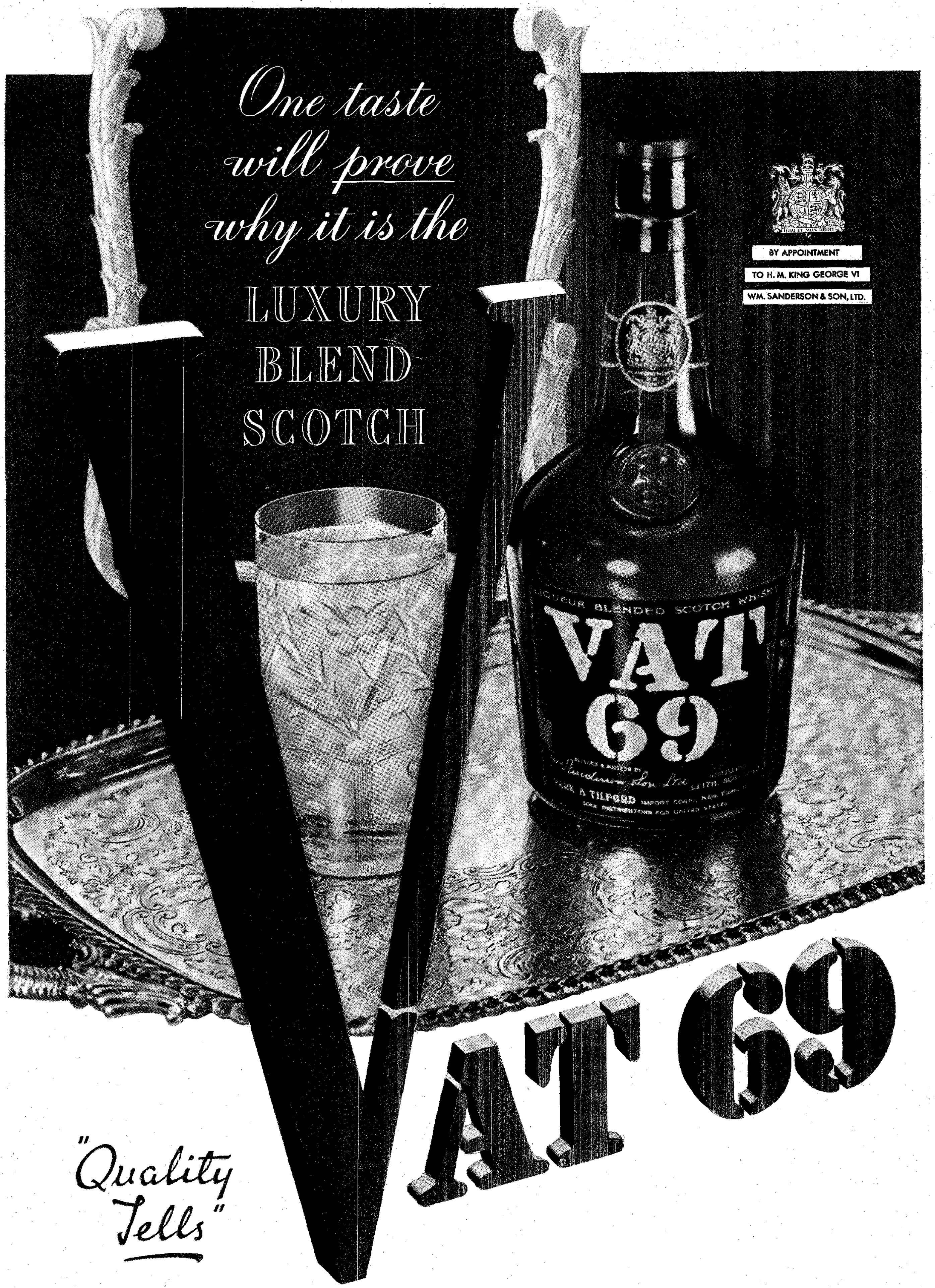
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